# THE LIVING AGE.

SEVENTH SERIES |

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FROM BEGINNING VOL. OCLXX.

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#### IRREMEABILIS UNDA.

- I sit and watch the weary, weeping weather,
- The clustering rain-drops thicken on the pane;
- I hear the waters and the wind complain
- O for the years when we were young together.
- The dripping branches and the drenched dark heather,
- The low gray clouds that shroud the lonely height,
- Weigh on my heart that once had found them light.
- O for the years when we were young together.
- Time, the implacable, has us in his tether.
- And Memory's self turns traitor—when I seek
- Her hoard of golden lore she will not speak-
- O for the years when we were young together.
- Though still may fall a tide of halcyon weather
- With sun to gild such treasures as re-
- What Time has taken he cannot give again—
- O for the years when we were young together.

Rosamund Marriott Watson.

The Athenseum.

# A SEA SONG.

- Follow on the track of the west wind, seaward swinging;
  - All the winds of all the world are rushing to the sea;
- And the year is lean and shrivelled, and the birds have ceased their singing.
  - But the east wind, and the west wind, they call to you and me.
- High of heart and fierce of mood, keensouled and rebel-hearted,
  - Through struggling waves, and roaring tides, and gulfs of shining foam

- We will sail those secret sea-ways which no keel has ever parted—Oh, hard shall be our portion, but we'll never more come home.
- Never more come home, till the winds are tired of battle.
  - Hanging weary pinions, storm-draggled, wet with rain;
- Then we'll gather in the harvest, and we'll watch the sheep and cattle,
  - And card the wool, and feed the flocks, and live with you again;
- But the ships are straining seaward '
  where the winds have flown before us—
  - (Laughing high amid the clouds, they called us as they flew.)
- Can we pause, can we linger, when the winds and seas implore us?
  - Oh! when the winds turn home again we'll come again to you.

    Margaret Sackville.

SPRING THE TRAVELLING MAN. It is Spring, the Travelling Man, has been here.

Here in the glen;

He must have passed by in the gray of the dawn.

When only the robin and wren.

Were awake,

Watching out with their bright little eyes

In the midst of the brake.

The rabbits, maybe, heard him pass, Stepping light on the grass,

Whistling careless and gay at the break o' the day.

Then the blackthorn to give him delight

Put on raiment of white.

And all for his sake

The gorse on the hill where he rested an hour

Grew bright with a splendor of flower. My grief! that I was not aware

Of himself being there;

It is I would have given my dower

To have seen him set forth, Whistling careless and gay in the gray

of the morn, By gorse bush and fraughan and thorn, On his way to the north.

W. M. Leits.

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The Spectator.

# WILL CANADA BE LOST?

A year ago, no one would have dreamed of discussing such a question. To-day, it is the underlying thought of a large part of all discussion of Canada's future; and it has forced its way into not a little open debate. It has been the subject of hundreds of leading articles in the Canadian newspapers; it is the purpose of most of the perorating in the Canadian Parliament; it has been many times openly proclaimed as the settled policy of the only nation which can draw Canada out of the Empire in the National Con-Even the Chief gress of that nation. Executive of that nation has publicly called attention to the fact that "the bond uniting the Dominion with the Mother Country is light and almost imperceptible."

Thus far have we travelled in one short year. The separation of Canada from the British Empire has passed from an impossibility, not worth talking about, into a subject of open debate in the Canadian Parliament and Press and in the American Congress and Press; and what was an absurdity last June is an apprehension throughout the British world this June.

Now what foundation is there for all this discussion? The friends of Reciprocity insist that the opponents of that proposal have wantonly dragged the sacred subject of Canada's relations to the Empire into what is, in fact, no more than a party squabble. They say that Reciprocity is a step away from Annexation rather than one toward it, in that it will make Canadians more prosperous and so more independent; and they accuse us of deliberately and without reasonable justification blowing up the Annexationist "bugaboo" because we know that even a suspicion of Annexationist tendency

would be enough to damn any policy in the minds of our people. That is, they charge us with criminal insincerity—indeed, with something very like sacrilege. So far as I know, the opponents of Reciprocity do not return the accusation. They grant the sincere loyalty of its advocates.

It is not, however, a question of personal sincerity-it is a problem in political probabilities. Let us begin by dissolving the problem into its elements and discovering its chief factors. First, I should put down without any hesitation the intentions of the American people. Do they mean Annexation? This ought not to be a difficult question for a people of the same stockthe people of the United Kingdom-to answer. What would the British people mean if they were in the same position as the Americans, and had a rich, undeveloped, sparsely populated and yet highly civilized country dividing the North American continent with them? What is the use of playing the hypocrite? Men of our blood are born Annexationists. The British people have been "annexing" everything loose for centuries, and although they are suffering from "land dyspepsia" today, the habit is so strong that they inadvertently lay an itching palm from time to time on such inconsiderable trifles as the Soudan, Thibet, a choice bit of Persia, another section of the Dark Continent. We do not want these countries. Oh, dear no. will not take them. We merely cast our shoe over them, and we would like to see any European rival lay a covetous finger on the fringe of their outer garment-that is all.

Now the Americans are made of the same stuff. They have been "annexing" territory ever since they began business a century ago at a fairly cred-

itable rate of speed for a young peo-That arch-Annexationist-John Bull-has every reason to be proud of his Prodigal Son who has made the profession of Prodigal pay. Thev began with Thirteen States strung along the Atlantic seaboard. That was in 1776. Look at a map and see how little of the present American Republic that original string of Commonwealths comprised. Then they "annexed" the Hinterland-an empire in itself. Then they purchased Louisiana from Napoleon. They had now so much empty land that they could not find time to "map" it; but they pushed into Texas and "annexed" another principality. They "held up" Mexico and took California et al. Finally, after the Civil War, they "annexed" Alaska for no mortal reason except to get a firmer grip on the northern half of the continent.

When the Civil War came, that threatened to put an end to their dream of becoming one huge nation, and to drive a frontier line across the continent which must bristle with fortifications. But the European North gathered all its strength and fought bravely and stubbornly to prevent it. We sometimes say loosely that the war was fought to abolish slavery; but slavery was not abolished until the war had been in progress for some time, and then only as a military measure. Nor was it fought to secure equality for the colored people, if we may judge by the treatment of this same colored people in the North to-It was fought-as the Lincoln day. Government declared-to preserve the Union. It was fought in the teeth of two dominant American doctrines-State sovereignty and individual lib-In theory, the world would erty. have assumed that the American people would have insisted that any State which desired to change its political status had every right to do so without interference from others. Had the problem arisen anywhere else—had a section of any other nation desired to secede—who imagines that the American people would not have argued roundly and with the utmost sincerity that, the only true basis of government being "the consent of the governed," the discontented communities had a right to go in peace, and it would be the act of a bully forcibly to restrain them.

But in their own case they felt that another principle was at issue-the principle of national preservation. The hereditary instinct that lives in all of us to make the "tribe" big and powerful, and thereby to increase our own security and enhance our own importance, aroused the American people to suffer tremendous sacrifices that the nation might become great and dominant. They submitted to be "drafted" into the army and pushed the national credit to the verge of collapse in order to prevent the creation along their southern border of another class Power. Is it reasonable to expect that this same people will welcome the creation along their northern border of another Why thrust class Power? heads in the sand? This is no criticism of the American people. They are a splendid people, the majority of them regarding their share in worldpolitics with an unselfishness unequalled in any other land-an unselfishness which could only exist in union with their inexperience and their immunity from attack at home. But They are still "anthey are human. nexing" territory-Hawaii, the Philippines, Porto Rico, Panama-all for the good of the countries they "annex." They know that they are the greatest people with the finest government and the best institutions and the highest ideals in the world. Why should they not desire to extend these benefits to

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others? When Britain stops "benefiting" India and benevolently building barrages for the Egyptians, she will be in a better position to carp.

So much for the argument from human nature. The argument from the utterances of American leaders is more specific, but-to my mind-not nearly so convincing. Whenever American statesmen have bothered with us at all in the past, they have bluntly told us that Annexation must be the price of our enjoyment of the American mar-Of course, President Taft now knows that a whisper of Annexation from his lips would kill the scheme upon which he has risked his political life: but he has not understood that to point to the lightness of the bond binding us to the Empire is tantamount to confessing that he thinks that bond easy to break. And there could be but one purpose, from the American point of view, in breaking it. Less responsible leaders have talked Annexation in connection with this very Agreement. The Democratic leader -Speaker Clark-is the most prominent; and the Democrats will probably come fully into power after the next elections. But in a case like this I would rather base my conclusion on the universal trend of human nature than upon the "slips" of statesmen or the occasional lapses into frankness of men to whom free speech is sweet in the month.

Now if we grant the intention of the American people, where do we stand? Will it be easy to keep Canada—or for Canada to protect herself—if the Americans are determined to get her? To begin with, there is no question of fighting about it. Britain and the United States dare not fight to-day for ten Canadas. The proposed Arbitration Treaty is merely the public ratification of our common fears. The Americans are as much afraid of Japan as the British are of Germany; and Britain is

in this business a much more effective protection for the United States than the United States is for Britain. In any case, there will be no fighting. By all means let us adopt the Arbitration Treaty as a notice to the world that the two Anglo-Saxon peoples are getting back to back.

But the very fact that there will be no fighting increases the danger for Canada. There are a lot of Canadian people who would fight, and that would always be a deterring influence if fighting were at all in question. That is, it would be of no use to outvote the loyal garrison at a Canadian election if they could appeal to arms with the certainty of bringing the British Empire in behind them.

But can they be outvoted? On the bald question of Annexation, certainly not to-day-possibly never. But who imagines that any one will be stupid enough to ask the Canadians to vote in the near future on an Annexation issue? It would be so unnecessary. If Canada wants to keep her name on the map and pay for a separate Parliament at Ottawa, the Americans will be able to tolerate that for a very considerable time, provided they control the legislation passed at Ottawa and revise all our relations with outside Britain has not deposed the Powers. Khedive of Egypt nor pulled down his Yet the wise map-maker paints Egypt red.

The point I want to make is that if a hundred million people in the United States set themselves to get control of ten million people in Canada and to secure unlimited access to their natural resources, we have a situation that is not to be toyed with. If we resolutely determine to defend our independence, we can do it. But if we begin to see just how large risks we can take and still escape, we are playing a perilous game. When a man with what we may call a hundred mil-

lion financial power sits down to bargain with a man possessing only ten million financial power, his purpose being to get possession of the whole business of the smaller man, the ten million bargainer had better look sharp. This is especially true if the "big fellow" offers the "little fellow" a bargain which the "big fellow" openly proclaims to be no more than "the thin end of the wedge." For the "little fellow" to say that he will take the price offered by the big man, but will not give him the return he expects to get for it eventually, is a pretty foolhardy operation.

Now that is the precise position of Canada. President Taft and the American Congress say that they want "Free Trade in everything" with Can-Congress has instructed ada alone. President Taft to continue to press for this after the present Agreement is That is what they openly ratified. anticipate getting as their end of the bargain. Our Government says that it will take the price they offer-free access to their market for our farm produce-but will not on any account give the return they ask. Does that look to you like good judgment? the end, will the "little fellow" get what he wants and yet succeed in keeping back what the "big fellow" wants? If we do, we shall reverse the teaching of history.

Now in order to get from the Taft-Fielding Reciprocity Agreement to "Free Trade in everything," we shall have to pass a number of other mile-The gap will not be leaped at stones. the first trial. At present, the Americans are pressing us at two pointsour splendid water powers along the international boundary, and our pulp They want benevolently to forests. develop them both for us. Even as it stands, we are fearful of losing our water powers by a system of damming on the American side which will

compel us to choose between giving up our rightful share of the power to be developed or destroying the steamboat channel which is much more important to us than to them. When Reciprocity is in force, and a lot of new Canadian interests have been established, which will dread nothing so much as a rupture with the Americans and a withdrawal of the Agreement, a little more pressure can be applied in the water-power business, and this share of our heritage will be gone.

As for our pulp forests, the bulk of them are on Crown lands controlled by the Provincial Governments, and the Dominion Government cannot sell them out. Still, the American newspapers, who are campaigning shoulder to shoulder, Republican and Democrat, for this Agreement, confidently expect that it will open their way to free pulp wood and cheaper paper. Mr. John Norris, President of the American Newspaper Publishers' Association, told the Congressional Committee which was dealing with this Bill that the papers he represented spent more than \$55,000,000 a year for paper, and would save \$6,000,000 a year on this item if the pulp forests of Canada were only opened to American pa-The Bill in hand did not permakers. open them, he admitted; yet his people were working hard to carry it. reason was that it opened privately owned timber lands to the Americans -- possibly 5 per cent. of the wholeand the fact that the pulp wood on these private properties would at once earn the profits of a semi-monopolistic access to the American market would bring to bear on the Provincial Governments, in favor of opening the Crown lands in the same fashion, a "pressure which would be irresistible."

We have here in a nutshell the programme for the capture of Canada. They propose to take us in detail. The Taft-Fielding Agreement will go into

effect, let us say. This at once accomplishes several things-it kills off a number of industries, as, for instance, the salt industry; and it cripples a number of others, as for instance, the industry which makes bags for the salt people. This reduces the forces which would oppose "Free Trade in everything." Possibly it may create some new and bitter Free Traders who will not like to see other industries profiting by a Protective policy which has been withdrawn from Thus coal, though cut, retains them. its Protection. Coal is a raw material in the salt business. Will the salt people, who have been sacrificed, be ardent supporters of Protection for coal?

Another effect will be absolutely to strip the Canadian farmer of Protec-The boasted National Policy will be de-nationalized. It will become frankly a policy for the benefit of the manufacturers alone. How long will the farmers continue to pay "Protective taxes" after they are denied the benefits of Protection for their own home market? For instance, how long will they permit any Government to protect the manufacturers of agricultural implements who can now send their goods around the earth to Australia and there compete with the world, but who cannot face even the Americans at their own doors? Yet every industry "picked off" removes an opponent of Reciprocity and creates an advocate of "Free Trade in everything."

Still another effect will be to create a very considerable North-and-South trade. That is the purpose of the Agreement. Whether the entire effect be beneficial or not, thousands of our people will adapt themselves to the new condition and will be commercially concerned in its continuance. To threaten Reciprocity will be to threaten their pockets; and, there be-

ing no treaty but only concurrent legislation, the Americans can menace them with the removal of their new market whenever Washington finds Ottawa at all obdurate in the face of neighborly suggestions. Thus gradually the balance will be swung over. The pocket-interest of our people in Canadian independence, in East-and-West development, in establishing trade connections with the Empire, will be diminished; and a widely ramified pocket-interest in favor of the new relations with the United States created. We may come to depend on them for a share of our own water powers. Free Trade in hogs and live stock will convert us into a subject province of the American Meat Trusts. Our own railways will lose status, and American lines tapping our trade at all points will gain a strong influence in Canada. American capital will flow in to exploit our natural resources; and mighty financial interests will stand to lose hundreds of millions from any rupture in our friendly fiscal relations.

That will be our position when some future American President proposes "Free Trade in everything." We shall at once say that we cannot grant itthat our industries are too weak to face American competition. probably quote Mr. Fielding's present promises to protect Canada's tall chimneys at all costs. But Mr. Taft's successor may say-and with truth-"I am very sorry. I understand your position. I sympathize with it. But our people are beginning to ask why we give you our market for what you produce when you do not give us your market for what we produce. truth is that Fielding drove a very hard bargain with Taft; and there are a lot of voters in the United States who are getting tired of it. I know we assented to the Taft-Fielding Agreement. But I am only warning you.

help it; but if you do not show some disposition to meet the demands of our people, they will send a Congress to Washington one of these days whom I cannot restrain, and who will be instructed to tear up that Agreement. So I fear you had better ward off that danger by granting 'Free Trade in everything.' Of course, I give you my word that this will not mean Annexation. To talk Annexation is 'Bosh!' It is a purely trade proposition I am making you. But, as your true friend, I think you had better take it lest a worse thing befall you."

What do you think will happen then? The farmers are likely to be for it; and they are to-day 65 per cent. of our people. All the interests which have established relations with the American market will favor it. Every industry which has previously been sacrificed to the policy of confining Protection to favorites will be glad to get revenge for having been itself cast to the wolves. And, remember, it will That objective not be Annexation. will be denied as stoutly then as now. Nor will there be any more reason for fearing it then than now. A man who cannot see Annexation in to-day's scheme will not see it then.

So will go our industrial independ-Commercially, we shall be a tier of States in the American Union. In the meantime much water will have flowed under London Bridge, and the history of nations will have marched. The inevitable question of the hegemony of the Anglo-Saxon race will be more and more insistently requiring an answer. It is a question which can no more be avoided than it was avoided in the German world when that race was readjusting its position under the eye of Bismarck. member how it was answered. Austria had the Emperor; but the kingdom with the closest commercial relations with the smaller principalities secured

When that question arises the prize. in the Anglo-Saxon world, I venture the prediction that Canada will hold the casting vote. To-day, there is not a shadow of doubt which way she would mark it. But if it is necessary for her to vote with a populous West full of foreign settlers-largely American; with many of her greatest enterprises branches or allies of even larger American "houses"; with her natural resources largely in American hands; with her farmers taught that the American market is to them a necessity; with every essentially native industry prostrate; with nothing but the sentiment of the Old Guard to still voice our love for the Motherland: with the certainty of a bitter quarrel with the Americans if we "vote" against them-a quarrel which would cut our trade arteries across, upset our whole fiscal system, turn us out of our principal market, and put us back where we were in 1866, with an entire industrial nation to build up and new markets to find and conquer-if Canada must cast her decisive vote under such circumstances, are you willing to risk the fate of the British Empire on the voice which would then speak in her name?

We have now reached a stage in our prospective evolution which no Canadian likes to discuss. It is comfortable to be told that we shall still have our votes, and that we shall gladly make the colossal sacrifice and stand by the dear old Mother Country. lot of us would. But there may then be more seats west of Lake Superior than east of it; and the foreign settlers and the foreign railways and the foreign branch industries-well, there will be a lot of voting power which will not respond in any lively fashion to British sentiment. Then I never feel any too secure when commercial interest is squarely and permanently in conflict with the finest sentiment.

Moreover, even in that day they may deny that we are voting on Annexation, and insist that we are simply supporting a trade policy of commercial advantage and sweet international harmony.

"Will Canada be lost?" Can Canada leave the Empire and keep her identity? Can the Empire spare Canada and keep her prestige? These are all critical questions. They are by far the gravest which the peoples concerned have faced in a century. But it is pure petulance to call President Taft "the enemy of the British Empire." He is nothing more than the friend of the United States; and, as a patriot, he could be no less. But we The National Review.

are here dealing with mighty world forces-with the progress of nationsfor which no man is to blame. not lose our tempers. But let us have the courage to see things clearly. Let us soberly realize that President Taft is right when he says that "Canada is at the parting of the ways." Canadians are making a decision today which may vitally affect the balance of the Powers when generations yet unborn take up their destiny. are fighting one of the decisive battles Quite as much depends of history. on how it goes as was at stake at Sadowa-more, in my opinion, than was at stake at Waterloo.

Albert R. Carman, Montreal.

# THE WOMENKIND OF YOUNG TURKEY.

It is an axiom already accepted that Turkey has no native art, no native music, no native religion. The Turk is a soldier, with a soldier's virtues and failings, and a soldier rarely has the emotional sensibility to harmony and beauty that we call the artistic temperament. He has borrowed his writing, his religion, his music, his art and his social code from the Arab, with his quick, nervous imagination, and the mystical, beauty-loving Persian. And, nowadays, he borrows his dress from England, his uniforms from Germany, and his Constitution from Europe. But in spite of this, the Turk remains a Turk still. He has none of the facile, supple adaptability of the Levantine Greek, for instance. He absorbs ideas slowly; it will take him many years to become accustomed to the new-fangled system of no-bribery and representative Government; and, similarly, it will be a long time before he will adapt himself to the more liberal conception of womanhood which

is being evolved as the natural result of progress. For a Turk progresses malgré lui—in spite of himself.

It must be borne in mind that the European, or rather the Christian with whom the Turk has been most associated, has been the Levantine, whom the Turk despises from the bottom of his soul for an ineffable bounder. The womenkind of the Levantine have been the womenkind that the Turk in the street has learnt to associate with the unveiled women of the Occident. He is polite to them, but he does not respect them. In Constantinople, for instance, whispers of the vices of Pera cross the Golden Horn into the quiet homes of Stamboul, and the conservative Turk thanks heaven that his women, at any rate, can never be lightly spoken of.

But about half-a-century ago, a new generation of Turks sprang up. They travelled, they saw that the unveiled sisterhood of unbelievers were not by any means fairly represented by the la-

dies of the Levant, and that Western women did not as a rule abuse their freedom. They mixed with these Western women, and found pleasure and interest in conversing with them. They immediately thought that, without forfeiting her seclusion, the Turkish woman might be sufficiently educated in the harem to achieve an amount of culture which would make her a more charming companion than before. So the importation of governesses began; chiefly of Frenchwomen. The better classes made a careful selection, but all families were not so happy in their choice-for, alas, all governesses are not educative; and to learn to chatter in a foreign language and the way to put on frocks from Paris, is not to get into touch with foreign culture. Second-rate, third-rate foreign women, tempted by good salaries, entered Turkish home after Turkish home-and only too often their influence was not a good one.

This superficial Europeanism, as we may call it, is fairly universal throughout Turkey to-day, and above all in Constantinople. There are few Turkish women of the upper or middle classes-if classes can be said to exist in a country as democratic as Turkey-who still wear Turkish dress as we know it in photographs specially manufactured for tourists. They wear European dresses, varying from the shouting blue and pink atrocities bought in the bazaars and made in Germany, and the reach-me-down horrors of the Galata and Pera quarters, to the creations of Doucet, Worth, and Paquin. An English lady told me that the wife of a high Turkish official received her the other afternoon in a gown of white satin brocaded in large yellow and pink flowers. On the other hand, I believe that the ladies of Abdul Hamid's harem were clothed from head to foot by a well-known French And if you go into the house

of almost any man of position, your hostess—I speak, of course, as a woman, for a man is still debarred from the society of Stamboul and Nichantach—will probably be far better dressed than yourself, if you are a traveller and have to adapt yourself to the exigencies of a portable outfit.

But out-of-doors the discreet tcharchaf and feridjeh transform Parisian butterflies and German-made atrocities alike into so many black moths and nun-like shadows. Here and there a veil of thinner mesh than the rest allows the passer-by to trace the contour of a pretty oval face and bright eyes, but as a rule the black curtain that protects the hanoum—the wall of the fortress of her modesty—is impenetrable and funereal.

My digression into the realm of dress has led me away from the main subject. As I said, the reign of foreign governesses began—roughly speaking, about fifty years ago—to revolutionize the harem. At first, the revolution only affected the toilet, or was confined to the acquirement of foreign languages, playing the piano, and sundry other parlor tricks calculated to increase the matrimonial value of a young Turkish girl.

It did not rest there. The Young Turk began to be a ferce to be reckoned with, in spite of the repressive measures of despotism; the Young Turk, who, while representing a disproportionate minority, has nevertheless leavened the whole lump, and stands for progress and liberty. think it may be said that he is partly the result of the almost universal introduction of the foreign educational element into the homes of Stamboul. The feeling of unrest, the longing for liberty among the women, found its practical outlet among the young men. The educated women of Turkey worked as strenuously to bring about the bloodless revolution as did the men.

While the Committee of Union and Progress was carrying on its secret propaganda, its secret preparations, it found its easiest channel of communication, its safest messengers, among patriotic Turkish women, whose veil and seclusion rendered them less likely to be discovered by the Government spies.

And when at last despotism was dethroned, and the legend of Freedom, Equality, and Brotherhood was pinned to the breast of the Constitution, it was expected by a certain number of Turkish women that an increase in liberty would be granted to them also. form which they expected that liberty to take varied according to the individual. Some, mistaking the outward signs of liberty for the essentials, gladly threw back the tcharchaf, and dreamt that they could wear hats, hats from Paris which would complete their European dress. It was feminine, and But they were speedily excusable. undeceived. The Government, with its finger on the pulse of the people, saw that such innovations could only cause offence to the old-fashioned and devout section of the community-the majority; and they hurriedly disabused the poor ladies of their innocent and comprehensible ambition. No, the ladies must go veiled as before. Notes were sent round to ladies of position who had transgressed, and prudent husbands and brothers peremptorily ordered their womenfolk to observe the same rules as their grandmothers in such matters as the veil, walking out alone, and the other petty privileges that foreign women enjoy. Others thought that at last they would be permitted to receive the visits of a few Here even the Young men friends. Turk, with a few notable exceptions, proved himself an Old Turk of the most uncompromising pattern. urged that such conduct could only cause scandal, and asked, somewhat indignantly, if his wife could not be

content with the society of her kinsmen. Policy went hand-in-hand with that tendency to safeguard the modesty of his women by preventive rather than retentive measures, which is natural to every Oriental, however Occidentalized.

But the wisest among the Turkish women looked farther ahead. They saw that at present the Turkish woman, on the whole, was neither fitted by education nor temperament for personal liberty in the sense that her Western sister understands personal liberty. They perceived that the Turkish women of to-day could not reap a harvest where they had not sown. They saw that, as patriots, it was not the time now to press for minor liberties, when such an attitude on their part might cause prejudice against the general cause of liberty and progress in the country at large.

What, then, could they do? How could they prepare the soil for the harvesting of a later generation?

The answer was, by a fuller understanding and application of the word education. Education by governesses, except in the case of families rich enough to afford highly salaried and qualified instructresses in the various branches of learning, cannot produce a thoroughly cultivated mind. Schools were needed; a wider course of instruction, which would enlarge the horizon of the Turkish girl as no amount of home education could do. A certain number of schools already existed, foreign schools; but no Turkish institution of any educational dignity.

One of these foreign schools has done such good work that I feel I must give it a little space here, just as, while in Constantinople, I felt that I must pay it a special visit. I refer to the American College for Girls at Scutari, which has been supported largely by American philanthropy and enterprise, and which has now been singled out

by the Turkish Government for the training of Government students, as I shall explain later.

The college was originally founded in connection with a Mission, but has now an entirely educational and nonsectarian character, receiving girls of every faith and race. Its teachers, too (there is a staff of twenty-eight), are of different nationalities. In the higher classes only English is spoken; and when I mention that, at the time of writing, the highest class comprises about twenty girls, of whom only one is English, the others being Turkish, Armenian, Bulgarian, Greek, and so on, it will be seen that the heterogeneous elements brought together are representative of the Ottoman Empire in its widest sense. The good done by a college established on such an international basis must be incalculable, if it succeeds in removing, in the individuals that come under its influence, the race hatred, misunderstanding and fanaticism which are the worst enemies of progress, not only in Turkey, but in every other Empire which embraces different races and different creeds.

There are at present thirty-three Turkish pupils in the College, pensionnaires, of course, for the strictly chaperoned Turkish girl would find it difficult and inconvenient to come daily from Stamboul to Scutari by the little shirkets, or Bosphorus steamers, which ply to and fro between European Constantinople and Asiatic Scutari. And the number of Mohammedan pupils will increase by leaps and bounds now that the difficulties which existed under the former régime have disappeared. Dr. Patrick, the President, by whose kindness I was enabled to visit the College, told me that in the old days the school premises were constantly under the observations of Sultan Abdul Hamid's spies. The identity of a Turkish pupil was discovered, her father or guardian was immediately ordered to

remove her; and if he refused, as was sometimes the case, he was exiled or imprisoned. However, the courage of parents and daughters often succeeded in outwitting the Palace espionage. For instance, unlabelled luggage would arrive days before the intending pupil, and the girl herself would drive up in a hermetically sealed carriage on a day or night when it was least likely that her arrival might be expected. Sometimes Turkish girls would be removed at the Sultan's orders only to be smuggled back again surreptitiously. When such a forced retirement occurred, the pupil herself often took the matter very tragically, and cried her eyes out at home until some means were devised for her return.

Nevertheless, in spite of obstacles and interruptions, two Turkish pupils graduated successfully under the very nose of Abdul Hamid, and have since proved, by the prominent position they have taken in the world of politics and literature, the enormous gain that will accrue to Turkey if she will only educate her daughters as well as her sons.

One of them, Halidé Hanoum, has become distinguished as a writer in Turkish and English, and as a worker in the cause of the intellectual liberty of her countrywomen. The other. Gulistan Hanoum, was one of those women who took a share in the freeing of their country from the despotism of Abdul Hamid. She is the daughter of a Colonel of the Household Troops who was exiled by the ex-Sultan, and on her mother's side is of Imperial descent, her mother being one of the princesses of the Imperial harem of Sultan Abd-ul-Aziz. Gulistan Hanoum was at the college from her eighth to her sixteenth year, and as soon as she had graduated, married a clerk in the Tobacco Monopoly (the Regie Ottoman familiar to cigarette smokers). Largely through her influence and enthusiasm her husband became an ardent member of the Committee of Union and Progress, and is now Secretary to the Parliament. At the time of the Counter Revolution last year, Gulistan Hanoum had the courage to address the troops of Salonica before they started for the capital, exhorting them with earnest eloquence to do their duty as patriots and soldiers.

Of such pupils the college may be justly proud.

It was my good fortune to attend the college one day while lessons were in progress, and to listen to some of the classes. A junior class of about eighteen girls, ages between twelve and fifteen, comprising all nationalities, were taking a lesson in English, and had studied the speeches of Lincoln and I stayed long enough to hear an Armenian girl recite the Gettysburgh speech and explain in excellent English the various points raised and proven by that famous piece of oratory. A class composed of younger girls was studying English grammar. The highest class had prepared essays on Spinoza, Bruno and Descartes, which they read out and discussed in a manner which showed how thoroughly they had understood their subjects.

It was with something like a shock that I heard such metaphysical problems fall from the lips of these demure, pretty young misses of fifteen, in irreproachable English. I could not help wondering how many English and American girls of their age would be capable of a similar feat in a foreign language!

I have dwelt at such length on the American College because of its good work, and because it is here that the Turkish Government is sending five Turkish girl-students to be trained for the State Lycées for girls, which it is their ambition to form throughout the Ottoman dominions, and the first of which, inshallah, as they say

in the East, will be opened next April.

Meanwhile, under the more favorable conditions afforded by the tolerance of the Constitution, the college at Scutari is finding itself in need of fresh accommodation, and has purchased fifty acres of ground for building purposes at Arnautkeui, just across the Bosphorus. It is now cramped within four acres, and has suffered further restriction by the destruction by fire of one of the school buildings. It is sadly in need of funds, therefore, and I cannot recommend any better cause to philanthropists than this institution, which may do so much to promote sympathy between East and West.

But it does not stand entirely alone. The English High School has done excellent work in Constantinople, and the French convent schools, such as Notre Dame de Zion, have contributed their share also towards educating the young womanhood of Turkey.

I have spoken of Turkish schools for girls. These, as I have already indicated, are at present of a somewhat elementary nature. There is a Government school at Stamboul for the children of Turks too poor to afford an expensive home education for their daughters. This is a day school, and comprises between four hundred and five hundred girls. There is also a Turkish Arts and Crafts School, where Turkish girls go to learn embroidery, housework, and the useful and ornamental accomplishments which fit them for their future as married women.

But Turkey does not mean to merit any longer the reproach of leaving the higher education of her daughters to foreigners. Progressive Turks have long seen the necessity for an education for women which should be national and not foreign. The foreign governess system had its undoubted evils. It created, through an injudicious reading of foreign fiction and ill-

assimilation of foreign ideas, the type of discontented neurotic depicted in Les Désenchantées. The foreign school system was better, as setting a higher ideal, but it could only be carried on in a very limited way. The crying need was to have State schools for girls, Turkish schools, with Turkish teachers and pupils, in which the standard of education should be as high as in the State schools of other European coun-At first this seemed an impossible dream; firstly, because of the lack of a staff of trained Turkish women, fully qualified to instruct; and, secondly, because of the suspicion with which such a scheme was looked upon by the old-fashioned and conservamore tive.

Such a staff, however, is now being trained in the American College and other difficulties elsewhere. The have so far removed themselves that Sultan Mehmed V., who has interested himself actively in the scheme from the first, has presented a palace at Kandilli on the Bosphorus in which the first Lycée is to be opened this spring. At the present moment extensive alterations are being made in this palace for the reception of the pupils. is to be dormitory accommodation for one hundred and thirty girls, and this will be increased by fresh wings or fresh buildings as more space is re-Many pupils have inscribed themselves already, and they comprise Mussulman girls from all parts of the world, some coming even from India; so that the school is likely to be a force all over the Mohammedan world of The alterations in the palwomen. ace are extensive. Class-rooms, laboratory, lecture rooms, and so on, are to be constructed on the latest European plan.

The President of the Chamber, Ahmed Riza Bey, and his sister, Salma Riza Hanoum, have been the most indefatigable workers in the cause of

education for women in Turkey; therefore it was to Selma Hanoum that I went for first-hand information on the subject.

She told me that the system followed will be practically the same as that existing in the French lycées to-day. There will be periodical examinations, the highest corresponding to the Bachelier-ès-Lettres in France. All elementary lessons will be given in Turkish, and advanced lessons, too, excepting in only a few subjects such as Science, for which foreign mistresses will necessarily be employed. staff will comprise Turkish women specially trained in foreign schools at Government expense, and highly qualified French, English and American women. All the professors will, of course, be women; in a Mohammedan college for girls it could not be otherwise. But on Thursdays public lectures will be given in the lecture hall for such Turkish ladies as care to come, and on these occasions the lecturers will often be men, though when this is the case the audience will naturally wear their tcharchafs down.

The main difficulty, it need scarcely be said, as with every other contemplated reform and improvement in Turkey, is a lack of funds. The Government is so poor that it is not able to bear the burden of a scheme which is far from popular with the more fanatical section of the country. Hence much is being done by private enterprise. His Imperial Majesty the Sultan is lending his active co-operation. Turkish ladies are collecting among themselves, and money is being realized in various small ways. For instance. before the fire which destroyed the Tcheragan Palace, the proceeds of the printed plan sold to visitors was among the small sources of revenue devoted to this object.

So much for the education of the Turkish girl of to-day. But what about her social condition? How long must she wait for a wider life, a larger sphere of energy and activity?

I asked Selma Hanoum this same question, and she smiled a little sadly, "We only ask Turkey to forget us," she "We must be content to sacrifice our own aspirations in order that the next generation may not suffer. It is a sacrifice that we must make for our country. The day of liberty must come. It must come as a matter of But for the present we can course. do nothing but wait-and, above all, work in secret for the education of We have to prove to the nation that her freedom does not rob a woman of her religion or her domestic We have to prove that an educated Turkish woman is a fitter mother of Turkish men than a slave. We have to teach our sons and brothers to respect us. As for the veilthat is a matter of little moment. The Koran is favorable to the freedom and dignity of women. We ask nothing more than that which is granted us by the Sacred Law. But we do ask that the prejudices and conventions which custom has placed upon us may be removed-in time. And they will be removed." She spoke with fine hope.

I asked her regarding women's clubs. "For the present," she replied, "they would be useless. When the Constitution was proclaimed, a Ladies' Society of Union and Progress was formed with the purpose of aiding the party of reform, and also of establishing their own claim to more liberty. Lectures were given and attended. But the reactionary party made this one of the weapons which they used against the Constitution. Society was accused of ridiculous in-I myself was said to have tentions. imported hats in large numbers from Paris in order to supply Turkish ladies with them and to replace the veil. So that when the Counter-Revolution had

come, and when, after that eventful time last April, the country passed again into the hands of the Young Turks, the Constitution showed itself inclined to adopt a more repressive attitude than ever towards those women who wished to agitate for freedom. There had been indiscretions, of course, and I fully approve of the present attitude of the Government towards the woman question. For the present we are living on dynamite. The reactionary party is very strong. Abdul Hamid is still alive. . . . But it may interest you to know that I am Honorary Vice-President for Turkey of the International Council of Women, of which Lady Aberdeen is the head, and that as soon as the political situation is sufficiently assured to allow us to act, we shall start a branch here."

"Secretly?"

"What good would that do?" she asked, with a smile. "No; publicly. And the women of all countries should co-operate in the exchange of ideas, ideals, and mutual help."

In which I fully concurred.

I cannot conclude this article without giving verbatim a document which was written for me by a Turkish lady of such high rank that discretion obliges me to suppress her name. fice it to say that this lady is one of the most highly-born and ardent workers in the cause of Turkish liberty. We talked long and earnestly in her pretty little boudoir in one of the palaces which line the Bosphorus. visit to her was full of those paradoxes which delight one in Constantinoplethe vast palace, the black eunuch who conducted me through long passages in which one had visions of slave women with kerchiefed heads and heel-less slippers, the air of cheerful, slipshod, happy-family equality which reigns in any Oriental establishment; and, finally, my entry into a most Western-looking sitting-room, under the windows of which the Bosphorus flowed—like a room in a Venetian palazzo. Here I was received by my hostess without any ceremony, and talked with her on the subject of the future of Turkish women.

"On account of my rank," she said,
"I am not able to write of these things—but, if you like, I will send you
something that you can put into your
article. You Western women do not
understand that we Orientals are trying, not for any new privileges, but for
those which we have possessed and
lost."

So accordingly she sent me the following defence of the movement among the Mohammedan women of Turkey:—

"Though there have been among the Mohammedans a great many women juris-consult-theologians (doctors law), we will mention in this article only a few of those who have been renowned in the history of Islam. Formerly, contrary to what is generally believed nowadays in Western as well as in Eastern countries, Mohammedan men and women pursued together the same studies, without distinction, in the same scientific centres; and together profited by the instruction given indifferently by masters and by mistresses. Fikihs and Fikihas-juris-consult-theologians of both sexes-gave to women as well as to men lectures which on both sides were listened to with the same assiduity. Besides. women by their knowledge and intelligence were to such an extent the equals of the Ulemas (religious teachers) that a great many of them were allowed to decree 'fetvas' (religious and judicial decrees). Would not these Ulemas, who were not ignorant of the position woman occupied and how learned she was in those times of the Islam-world, be shocked to hear to-day all the severe criticisms on her, and the endless discussions as to how her learning should be limited and what should

be the nature of her social duties? 'In the world of Islam what can a woman become?' 'How far must she extend her studies?' are the questions we hear in these days. Islamism allowed woman to attain the farthest goal she could aim at. Even now, notwithstanding the advance of civilization in Europe and America, women have not yet been able to obtain as much as the Mohammedan women of old. Therefore, have we not a right to be astonished to-day when we hear people, ignorant of our religious laws and history, take upon themselves the task of determining what position women should occupy in society?

"The Koran has been revealed to us; our Prophet has settled our social position; we are Mohammedans-we await no other Prophet after Our Lord Mohammed; and his instructions concerning us have been handed down to us by so great men that the questions ought to be considered as settled. The Mohammedan world, knowing the important positions occupied by women with the consent of our religious laws, should confess the absolute incompetence of those who, ignorant of all else but the present degenerate state of things, still venture to usurp the right of discussing and limiting the extent of liberty to be granted to women.

"Can they not understand upon whom their objections fall in the end? Women of those times had not obtained by main force the lofty positions we know they occupied-they attained them simply by the rights given them by Islamism. Would they still dare to protest-those who declare that women ought not to fight side by side with men in war, if they only knew that, in the times of the Prophet, many illustrious women actually fought in battles and were blessed by Him for having done so? And those who wish to prevent women from engaging in trade, would ignore the fact that Has-

ula, one of the Prophet's (women) disciples, kept a druggist's shop! What must we think of those who pretend that women cannot teach man, when we know that many of the Prophet's companions were advised by Him to appeal to the science and knowledge of Aisha? Those who have recently accused women of disobedience to the precepts of the Koran because they go out accompanied by their men-relations and because they raise the veil from their faces, show their ignorance of the laws of the Koran. Had they their faces veiled, those eminent women whom we have mentioned, and who received the Prophet's full approval for their deeds? Did not the Prophet's aunt, Safia, together with Hissan-bin-Sabit, take up arms to protect women and children, and to defend against the enemy the town where she lived? And as a woman had a right to give evidence on legal affairs, to give powers of attorney, and to appear in a court of justice each time her interests were at stake, was not the judge obliged to see her face?

"If God has ordered women to cover the eyes that see, the nose that breathes, the mouth that speaks; would they not have hidden their faces—these women who went so far as to shed their blood at the side of man for their country's sake? These same women, who obeyed the Prophet in everything, would certainly not have gone out of their house had He forbidden it. Far from doing so, He, on the contrary, gave them His blessings for their outdoor services.

"Where do they take their authority from, those who proclaim so resolutely that woman should be kept entirely aloof from masculine society—woman, to whom our Prophet has given the right to take part in the election of a sovereign, whom He has admitted among the ranks of His warriors, whom the Kahlif Omar invited LIVING AGE. VOL. LII. 2710

to assist at judgments, and to take a part in theological and judicial discussions?

"The veil as it was worn at that time was neither meant to hide the face, nor was it considered a hindrance for woman to progress and learning. And it was without the least violation of our laws that so many women had at that time gained renown in theology Let us mention here about fifteen among those who were the most in history: Oumou-yassa, Hamda-Sittil-Foukaha, Amra-bint-Ab-Fatma-bint-Ahmed-el-Semani. Fatma-bint-Abbas, Fatma-el-Fakiha, Meriem-bint-Ahmed, roude. Okht-el-Mezeni, Oum-el-Wahid, Hatidja-bint-Ahmed, Zuleikha, Zeynildar-Waghiha.

"Oum-Issa was the daughter of Imam Ibrahim-bin-Ishac-el-Harbi; she used to decree fetvas; she died in the year 328 of the Hegira. Hamda was the pupil of Abourkir-Ahmed-bin-Ali; she lived in Bagdad; the sermons she preached were attended to by the most eminent learned men of her time, and the famous Ibn-Semani was one of her Sittel-Foukaha-bint Ibrahim, who died in 726 of the Hegira, counted among her pupils some remarkable men, such as Gafar-el-Hamdani, Ah med-bin-el-Maz, Abdulrahman-bin-Suleyman, Abdullatif-bin-el-Kabiti, all of whom received their diplomas from her. Shehda-bint-Omar attended to the teachings of Fazil-Kashghir; she got her diploma of theologian from Sabit-Sheref. She had in Aleppo numerous pupils, and Hineldine, the most renowned amongst them, was himself the master of Salah-el-dine Safdi. Speaking of her, Ihn-el-dine said: 'Shehda was the only one who could teach us the sayings of the Prophet related by the famous mouhadiss Sheikh Hafiz Jiya-el-din.'

"Fatma-bint-Abbas was the daughter of Abbas bin Aboul-Fathel-Bagdad;

she was doctor of canonical laws, and at the same time superior of a religious She preached sermons congregation. which were highly appreciated, and she had attained to such a high degree of knowledge that very often in her discussions with the most learned men of her time she was the one who pre-She died in Cairo in the year vailed. 714 of the Hegira. Fatma-el-Fikiha was the daughter of Ala-el-dine-el-Kashani, two eminent men among the Mohammedan juri-consult-theologians; and to settle a difficult question the two men often appealed to the woman's She used to decree fetras, knowledge. which her father and her husband signed simply as witnesses. Zeynildar-Waghiha, wife of a judge in Andalusia, and a judge herself, used to sit in court with her husband.

"These are only a few of the eminent women of Islam. If they were competent to decree a fetva acknowledged as valid by the most famous juris-consult-theologians of their times, surely The Contemporary Review. they must have required a high degree of learning. Among the pupils of Hout!, there were as many as a hundred mouhediseas—meaning (woman) authors—treating of the apothegms of the Prophet. This gives one an idea of the number of women who dedicated themselves to science; and did not the Prophet say:

"'The pursuit of science is a duty to every Mohammedan man and woman'?"

I have given the little article word for word as it was written, although its author, who is more accustomed to French than to English, said: "Of course, I shall write in vile English, so you will have to change it and use it as you will." To me, however, as I expect to most others, it is interesting as being a definite statement by a Turkish woman of the claims which the Mohammedan woman of to-day is making for herself, and the facts upon which she is basing her claim. For this reason I have left it untouched; without comment or emendation.

B. S. Stavens.

## FANCY FARM.

BY NEIL MUNBO.

#### CHAPTER XIII.

The hunt, it would seem, was ended! "Sir Andrew is the sort of man who wants what he wants when he wants it," was a saying of Mrs. Powrie's, and she was right: a dogged resolution will be found in men who seem to drift good-humoredly through life, accepting without demur what the gods may send them. The gods, so far as I can see, are pretty busy at the heels of seeming pliant and irresolute men who relinquish trivial positions with an air of generosity, but are dour to surrender Even Norah Grant, with a an idea. will of her own and an assertive personality, had often to submit to that

capricious, amiable domination. sometimes looked as if she had trained herself, without suspecting it, upon his theories, at least upon the sanest of Lady Jean, poor soul! (and sometimes Miss Amelia) had been the sad example of the kind of woman Heaven plainly meant to dwell alone, and Norah made herself as different as she could. She opened the windows of her being and let the air blow through; she kept a heart of wonder, curiosity, adventure in her bosom; never relaxed in peevish moods or apathy; she sang, danced, rode, or gardened, filling each hour of the day with duties to herself and others; knew no

idleness of brain or body; left no chinks between the flowery hours for the weed ennui.

But resolute and self-contained, and free, as she might appear, from her cousin's crazes, often she submitted to them, and she did so now.

She Penelope was induced to stay. liked the unpretentious, odd, old rambling house, where Sir Andrew's humor had insisted on an almost Japanese simplicity-no idle ornament, no effects of ostentation,-and was attracted, too, by its contiguity to a village full of character. She found in the spirit of its occupants, apart from Miss Amelia, much that was in harmony with ideas she had had to fight for with Miss Skene. To her whilom nurse, the lady she had saved from drowning, she took the fancy of a secondary Providence, and her consent to stay was all the readier since she felt that the office of companion to Miss Norah, though it entailed a salary, had no menial understanding. One of her first instructions was to call her simply Norah-were they not actually friends? Even Miss companions, Amelia, blissfully unsuspecting what this movement might portend, soon lapsed, herself, into a chirruping recognition of a kind of equality in the protégée. Penelope, she agreed, at least had manners. So thought Captain Cutlass too, but he thought them capable of improvement.

With all his democratic tendencies, he liked fine manners as he liked good clothes. For him an ill-made coat on a man who could afford a better was a kind of self-depreciation; as for manners, he could find them without surprise in places where for other folk they might not be expected—in self-reliant shepherds who knew their business thoroughly, and were, in the dipping-fold or the shearing-shed, equal with the best and at their ease: even the blacksmith, fitting a tyre upon a

wheel, was. in the act, a gentleman to Captain Cutlass. Norah had the natural good manners that invariably attend on kindliness and trust, but she had the cultivated kind as well, though they sat on her so naturally they seemed so far from artificial that her cousin falled to see the difference. It was his wish to have Penelope another Norah: he thought that manners were infectious, like the measles, which, at their best, in truth they are, except for the unhappy, born immune.

Yes, yes, the hunt was ended.

We guessed it in the village long before Amelia did, indeed before the Baronet himself. He rode about his land, that spring, as gallantly as ever, boyish-hearted; smiled on every woman on the road with yon fine air of true beneficence, not a scrap of condescension in it, almost a congratulation on the common joys of mere existence; he battled with the sea in his yawl in moods exultant, haunted the dark ways, mused about the cromlechs, accompanied his women-folk on social rounds that bored him, and seemed as whole of heart as ever; but the roving eye of the Kirk was now subdued, and wherever he went with his cousin Norah, there went Miss Penelope!

We have but a single touchstone to affairs like these in Schawfield-was the woman anyway like the thing in looks, and was she willing? The most unfriendly critic, even Mrs. Nish, could not but confess that Miss Colquhoun was, in appearance, all that could be wanted, and in deportment wonderfully taking. With these two gifts alone, we knew in Schawfield that the Captain, just like any other man, must, if the lady willed it, feel attracted: love with the rich and with the poor is first and last a matter of propinquity.

"Tilda Birrell alone was dublous. "Stop you!" she said with a kind of crafty gusto when gossip threw Penelope into the very arms of Captain Cutlass,—"stop you! and Sir Andrew will surprise you!" an attitude looked upon as unaccountable in a woman of experience.

Penelope was unconscious for a while that she was a pupil to be trained on Sir Andrew's patent System; had she thought it, she would have proved indignantly rebellious, for still, to her, he was a little daft; the nonconformist in her never went the length of approving his particular kind of eccentricities. In truth, a thought of his possible interest in her personality never entered her mind; she was Miss Norah's friend, and made the most of that companionship.

There is, in the love of girl for girl, a spirit sweeter than the grosser loves of men and women,-something of the passion of the early morning world and of the Garden; they were, those two, like sisters reunited. Penelope dressed herself like Norah, happier in her imitation than poor Aunt Amelia; she learned her songs, became familiar with her thoughts and sometimes echoed them. Even in gait and general movement she showed unconsciously the other's influence. Sir Andrew often stood apart and watched them walking waist-encircled over the neighboring fields or standing on the bridge, conventual white in airy garments, their hair let down, as was his cousin's favorite school-girl whim, and streaming on the warm west wind. He could look on them thus, he felt, for ever: so lean angelic creatures on the parapets of paradise, nor is there age nor separation there; or so, on Grecian terraces, scanning the foam for the loom of coming ships, stood women uncorrupt with Time-clean, cool, and exquisite! Sometimes in woods he saw them through the trees, incredibly remote from a life of chatter, shelter, food, and all the brutal mean demands of life on a wearied planet, seeming

solemn in the glades as in a temple, dryads overlooked or nymphs forgotten in the exodus of the first immortal tenants.

And then he would laugh at himself—at such absurdly pagan bookish fancies gathered about two girls intensely practical and human; girls who ate their food with huntress relish, joyed in the conflict with ungrecian Schawfield weather, trudged the wet hills in thick-soled boots, bold disputants, hearty laughers.

This laughter troubled him—not his cousin's which was like the plash of fountains, musical and decorous, restrained to a certain register, but Penelope's pealing, unconstrained, all in the air, often with no depth to it.

"Look here!" he said to Norah, "our Pen spurts and screeches far too often, like one of Mr. Birrell's quills; stop it! If it goes on much longer she'll infect even you with that kind of preposterous laughter."

Norah reddened. "Would you mind very much?" she asked with an elusive note of hope in the question.

"I shouldn't like it," he admitted, "but I'm more concerned for Pen herself; that kind of rustic merriment, though I rather like it in a harvest-field, doesn't go well with cultivated gardens and the song of birds."

"Nature, Andy—Nature; don't be traitor to your life-long convictions!" Norah smilingly warned him.

"Oh, to the deuce with Nature!" he exclaimed, hurriedly jumping his own convictions as he sometimes jumped his fences, tempted by their very opposition. "If we were all to laugh in key with Nature we should squeal."

They were coming from the stables, where they had been looking at a pony Norah had bought for her companion—at a quite ingenuous hint from Captain Cutlass of the good Penelope should derive from a share in her equestrian exercise. They walked across the

lawn with the baronet lower on its slope than Norah; he stared before him like one hurrying to overtake a phantom scheme, his aspect ardent; she could look sideways down on him, and she looked with curiosity, bewildered, and perhaps a bit annoyed. For the moment it seemed as if for him she had no existence; that was so unlike him!

"You have got in Pen," he said in a little, "the very finest stuff for a great creation—a perfect woman."

"There's always a certain drawback in the fact," said Norah, "that I never could make anything without a model. Out of poetry, now, have you ever seen a perfect woman?"

"Yes!" he replied emphatically. "Once I dreamt her in my sleep. She came and sat a moment on my bed; her face I don't remember, nor do I think we said a word, but in the very core of me I felt that her face and soul completed something that was me. Eh? You know the unfinished feeling one carries about as if one needed another eye or some stupendous inkling into outer things, eh? Sometimes you almost get a hint of it in poetry, or an extra eye appears to open in the brain when the weather changes on the country,-but that's an ecstasy, blackguards perhaps may feel it; this that I felt when I saw the nameless lass at the foot of my bed did not give me ecstasy, but a far more delicious sense of self-fulfilment. We shall not dieno! no! we shall not die; at least, not the light black out and the worm triumphant: for having felt that satisfaction, I can swear it will be well with us yet. God gives those glimpses just to hearten us."

He turned to her with a quickened face, whose skin seemed quivering with emotion. Norah drew her eyes away and sighed.

"I don't share your dreams, Andy," she remarked in practical accents.

"What I meant was a human model." "Look in your glass! look in your glass!" he blurted, hastening his step, flicking his leg with his riding-crop. "You've got in Pen the ideal basis for the kind of thing. First, she has health-that is the best of wealth, and more than half perfection. all the women I see are out of the rhythm of nature, just because of illtreated stomachs, customs that enervate, bad feet that prevent their walking, flaccid limbs, waists over which they have lost all power. Show me a man who does not feel omnipotent in his lower ribs and I'll show you a physical wreck. Everything's in the torso-in the poise and rhythm. should flow, eh?" he raised his arms and gave a sinuous movement to his body. "You understand? Everything in unison with the pulse-the rhythm. 'Hearts, like muffled drums, are beating funeral marches to the grave'-rubbish! It's the beat of universal and

"If Pen is to flow like ocean tides to please you, we'll need to put up some breakwaters," said Norah, and be chuckled.

eternal life; the very stars keep true

to it in their twinkling, and it agrees

with the beat of ocean tides."

"What I mean is this-she has a good beginning: she has rhythm, and the use of her ribs yet; she has not been spoiled by social pleasures, nor made herslf a martyr to fancy work and domestic drudgery. She's as near being a child of nature as the parish school will let you have in our time, and she hasn't any accomplishments to You recall my fiddle?-I unlearn. taught myself to play it horribly in the East, and once, when I was home, I went to a real musician thinking of lessons. He looked at my fingering, bowing. 'How long have you been learning to do zis?' he asked, and I said a twelve-month. 'Blitzen!' he said, 'it will take a lifetime to get

over it; I recommend ze flute.' Now Pen has little to unlearn except her laughing. In anger and in laughter we lay bare the heart, and there's something wolfish in squeals of joy."

"She got that, I fancy, from Grace Skene, as she may have got the high inflection when she warms in contradiction."

"That's gone, I notice. You didn't
—." he stopped, as if alarmed at the
possibility of deliberate lessons.

"Oh, I didn't do anything foolish, you may be sure," said his cousin; "but Pen is not a fool, and she has an ear, and-and she likes me. Like all of proud, independent, and impulsive nature, she's as soft as butter if she's sure of your affection. I could get her to be anything I was myself. First, she contradicts-that's to give herself the dignity of self-assertion, and partly a relic of Grace's tantrums; next day you find she has added the very idea she contradicted to the big bundle of convictions for which she is prepared to lay down her life."

"By George! that's like yourself," cried Captain Cutlass.

"I daresay it is," she agreed; "it's a common characteristic when we're among our friends. All nice people have but one idea about everything of importance; the only difference is in its expression. I wish your politicians knew that fact."

"Inflection, laughter, poise—that's another thing," the baronet went on; "she wants poise. Nine hours out of ten she has it when she's quite unconscious, doing any useful thing in which she's interested, but she hasn't had experience of the ladylike art of graceful lolling; she can't sit down like you as if she was to have her portrait painted."

"Do you suggest that I pose?" asked Norah.

"No, no!" he hurried.

"Why not? I do, as a matter of fact,

and so do you; it's part of the proper action of the lower ribs you speak about. I began deliberately, but it has long since become instinctive. The thing is not to pose in the mind—no, no, I'm wrong! For instance, I adopted a pose of imperturbability just for effect when I was at school, and it became second nature, greatly to my comfort."

"I am not speaking of pose, meantime, but of poise. Look out your foils, my dear, and set our protégée to fencing. She must fence, swim, ride, and dance; these are the prime accomplishments. She wants command; courage she has to spare already. A woman who can stand upon her feet and lunge will never worry about her stomach nor feel that the world's all yellow; and if she learns to take a fence flying, and swim, she has added two elements to her empire-air and water. Self-reliance is the beginning of all good manners. Eh? Does she dance?"

"Not a step! They didn't approve of dancing, it appears, at the U.P. Manse."

"Tut! I thought so! Something in her droop when one opened a door for her suggested that in that department she had been neglected. Lord, what fun she's lost! When I was a youth I got more unhappiness out of my inability to go through a quadrille than I got from any of my sins. How the devil can one have rhythm if one can't dance?"

"Oh, dear me!" exclaimed his cousin with a comical note of resignation, "I'm afraid we are all imperfect creatures."

"Good heavens! I should think so!" he retorted. "Everything that's of interest in life has something of imperfection, or it would terrify us, or shame us into hatred. God is a good Artist; He leaves a bit in every work of His for the imagination."

"But, after all, Andy, what you aim at is a work of art," said Norah,—"the perfect woman, the living Venus."

"Well! well! well!" he replied impetuously, "in every work of human art, as in divine, our most passionate admiration demands a little of obscurity—something of the magic casements opening on the foam, eh? and if the lady in the Louvre had her arms she wouldn't be half so charming."

"Your argument proves nothing but that you are better at it than I am," said Norah.

They had come to the stile which gave an access to the back parts of the garden; she was upon its upper step when something made her pause, a figure of unconscious grace, a lesson in poise herself, arrested by the sight of the girl they spoke of, busy, without a protective veil, about a skep of bees.

"There's Pen," said Norah, "quite unconscious that she's to be reconstructed. If she guessed, wouldn't she be mad! By the way, is it only in the poise and rhythm, the laughing and the lower ribs, you're interested? You haven't said a word about her character and her mind."

Sir Andrew, leaning upon the fence silent a moment during which his cousin felt herself neglected, watched the movements of his protégée.

"Her character is all right," he replied at last; "for, like yourself, she has a passion for the truth, and that, with courage, is the best part of all good character. As for the mind, I'm for the physical graces to begin with; afterwards we may begin to think of stuffing her head with words and lists Blackwood's Magnine.

of names, which is what passes for education with the most of us. proof of a sensible education is obvious -the power to construct or recreate, even if it's only a wheelbarrow or a pair of boots. A scandalous lot of money was spent on me at the school and university, and as yet I haven't learned to make anything. I missed my mark because I was brought up on the system which is based on the theory that everybody should learn the same things-a silly notion for a complicated world. Pen's mind is all right."

"Then we needn't bother about the book-shelf?" said his cousin.

"The devil created three-fourths of the books to waste our time," replied the inconsistent Cutlass. "There is so much in life that is far more interesting! I'm much mistaken if Pen hasn't found it so already. I admit that I like to have books about me, but the older I grow the less I learn from I can be happy thinking. Imagine that bookish idiot Pliny poring over a book while Pompeii was being destroyed before his very nose! yet I like to see some poetry in women. There isn't very much of it in Pen; you might do worse than give her an introduction to the poets."

"I know what I'll do," said Norah, jumping from her pedestal,—"I'll send for Reggie Maurice."

"H'm!" said the Baronet dubiously. "There's almost nothing poetical about Reggie but his poetry—and his devotion to you."

"All the same," said Norah, smiling back, "I must have Reggie."

(To be continued.)

# THE PRESERVATION OF THE BATTLEFIELD OF WATERLOO.

A L'ENTENTE CORDIALE.

Pour huit siècles nous faisions l'Histoire en opposition,

A l'avenir nous le ferons en union!

In putting forward the following plea for the preservation intact of the battlefield of Waterloo, I would premise that the proposal does not come under the head of an audacious novelty which might estrange the sympathy and support of many persons from a scheme that requires practical unanimity between men of different races to bring it to a successful issue. Russia has religiously preserved for two hundred years the field of Pultawa, as the scene that witnessed her birth as a Quite recently Canada World Power. has consecrated the Heights of Abraham for the veneration of coming generations, and this instance is especially applicable to the present subject, because Frenchmen and Englishmen there associated themselves in a common tribute to some of their many In demanding the preservaheroes. tion of the field of Waterloo as a campum sacrem the two precedents given provide good encouragement, and if the reader asks for the name of some prominent witness to show how the idea strikes the world at large, I will go to far-off Japan for one, and quote the words of General Baron Oku, who has written: "It is greatly to be desired that this ever-famous battlefield shall be saved from desecration and preserved in its present condition."

The question has to be considered under two aspects: first, as to the general principle involved in a decision by the Belgian Government to nationalize the battlefield; and secondly, as to British participation in the project.

I believe I am correct in saying that, while the Belgian Government is most

sympathetically disposed to the scheme, it is disinclined from a spirit of delicacy to take the first step. merely is Belgium a small country, but it is a neutral State, and it might seem hazardous for it to go beyond its province and set an example to the great Powers whose sentiments have to be mainly considered in any matter that involves the name of Waterloo. With perfect tact Belgium shrinks from taking upon herself too much in so delicate a question. She is perfectly willing to co-operate and give every assistance in her power, but the initiative lies with England and France. Her part will be to ratify and give a solemn sanction as the sovereign of the soil to an arrangement that can only be initiated in London and Paris. It must also be stated, as a recent official reply in the Belgian Chamber makes clear, that the Belgian Government is not prepared to bear the whole expense "of acquiring the area of land requisite for the preservation of the general physiognomy of the battlefield." That must be a joint work, and the success of the movement depends, practically speaking, on the action of this country. It is the main purpose of this article to show how very easy it would be for England to take a step that would at once ensure the co-operation of Belgium and preserve the battlefield of Waterloo from further risk of desecration and disappearance.

As neither the British Government nor the British people would act in this matter without the prior approbation of the French Government, which in turn would not commit itself unless it felt well assured of the acquiescence of the French army and people, I will not feign ignorance of the fact that in principle the sympathy of our neighbor is known to be already gained for this pious manifestation. There are, therefore, no difficulties, either diplomatic or sentimental, in the way of our taking action inspired by the true spirit of respect and veneration for those who gave their lives for their respective countries on the field of Waterloo.

With these general remarks by way of introduction to the subject, we may now approach the consideration of some of the details, and this is the more necessary because there appears to be a good deal of ignorance about For instance, the several them. questions asked by Lord Charles Beresford in the House of Commons on June 15th last have no relation whatever to any facts or condition of things that ever existed. He seemed to think that the British Government had expended some money in the past on memorials to our fallen soldiers at Waterloo. Let me state positively that in the ninetysix years since the battle it has not spent sixpence in any shape or form. Not one of the memorials on the field is due to its action or support. It did not even give a contribution to the new memorial in the cemetery at Evère, near Brussels, about which Mr., now Viscount, Haldane was so hazy in his Nor was the Secretary of State better informed than his interlocutor when he said that "the bodies of the men who fell at Hougoumont were removed many years ago to a cemetery near Brussels." The bodies of those who fell at Hougoumont became part of the dust and earth of the garden in which they were hurriedly interred, and the heedless tourist to-day tramples over their unmarked graves. The bodies removed to Evère, as mentioned by Mr. Haldane, were those of the officers who fought in the centre of the battle, and who, more fortunate than their comrades at Hougoumont, found formal burial and a memorial stone in

the little cemetery of the church in the village of Waterloo almost opposite the Duke of Wellington's quarters at the inn bearing the sign of "Jean de Nivelles." Among these officers was the gallant Sir William de Lancey, whose end was recorded by his widow, and above their remains, now deposited at Evère, was placed the fine and appealing memorial due to the chisel of Count Jacques de Lalaing and paid for by private subscribers, among whom was our late Queen Victoria of immortal memory.

I read Lord Charles Beresford's questions, not as a record of inexactitudes, but as a covert reproach on the indifference of the authorities in this matter, and above all towards the defenders of Hougoumont.

At this point it will be well to establish the facts. There is no British memorial on the battlefield of Waterloo, or anywhere near it. The memorials in their order of antiquity are-(1) the monument to Major Gordon, erected in 1817 by the Earl of Aberdeen; (2) the monument to the King's German Legion, raised also in 1817 by subscriptions in Hanover, which stands on the opposite side of the Chaussée de Charleroi to the Gordon column; (3) the Lion Mound, erected by King William and the Netherlands States General in 1825-7; (4) the Prussian monument, a column surmounted by an iron cross, placed on an eminence to the north of the village of Planchenoit in 1887; and (5) the Wounded Eagle, by Gérôme, erected in 1903 by the French Sabretache Society in honor of the Imperial Guard. proposal for a monument to General Van Merlen, and the Belgians who fell with him in the battle, has been approved of in principle, but not yet executed.

In addition to these five principal monuments, which will become six when the Belgian memorial has been

erected, there are some minor monuments which may be enumerated. On the heights of Lasne, near St. Lambert, is the fine monument to the Prussian Colonel Count Schwerin, a descendant of the Marshal killed at At Joli Bois is the Prague in 1757. monument to Colonel Stables, and a little distance away, nearer Mont St. Jean, is another to Major A. Rowley Heyland, both of the British army. In the garden of Hougoumont are two plain stone slabs recumbent on the grass, one to Captain John Lucius Blackman, of the Coldstreams, killed in the defence, the other to Sergeant-Major Cotton, of the 7th Hussars, who died many years later after founding the local museum and serving as guide to countless visitors. Against the south wall is a tomb to Captain Craufurd, who fell at this very spot. Two years ago a bronze tablet to the Guards was placed in the remaining wall of the This completes the list. old chapel. It proves the truth of the statement that there is no British monument or Nor is one wanted in the ordinary acceptance of the term. intervention of the British Government should be of a nature to promote the attainment of the greater object, which is the preservation of the whole of the battlefield. This can only be done by the purchase of the farm and appurtenances of Hougoumont, and its preservation as "the" British memorial.

The defence of Hougoumont throughout the day by two companies of the Coldstreams, aided by three hundred men of the 2nd Nassau regiment under Captain Busgen, moved from the left wing at nine in the morning, and reinforced at a later hour by four light companies of the Guards, represents the central dramatic episode in the battle from the English point of view. Without disparaging the services of the Nassau riflemen, or of the Brunswick battalion co-operating on the northern

side near the Nivelles road, the defence was the achievement of part of our Brigade of Guards. The French attack under Napoleon's brother Jérome might have crumpled up Wellington's right wing, if it had not broken its force against the little château and walled garden of Hougoumont. Here I would interpolate as a piece of first-hand evidence a reminiscence of my first introduction to the details of Waterloo history.

A period of my childhood was passed in France, and our host was a Capitaine Le François, who had led a Voltigeur battalion in Jérome's attacks on Hougoumont. He recited the details of the attack many times for my benefit, but the striking feature of the story, and the one that is pertinent to the present matter, was the following: front of Hougoumont screened by a wood, not dense, but with scattered trees. Through the intervals could be seen at the other side of it a red line. "We," he added, "who had never seen English infantry in action knew of their red uniform. and had heard that, unlike ourselves, they fought in line and not in column. There could be no doubt, then, we thought, that this was the English infantry drawn up in line to receive us, and we fired at it for all we were worth to prepare the main attack. It was not till late in the afternoon that we discovered that we had been firing all the time, not at men, but at bricks."

The reader will see in this little anecdote from the mouth of a combatant at Waterloo the great part that Hougoumont played in deciding the victory. The red brick wall, no longer screened by the wood, exists today just as it did in 1815. Its outer face is scored from end to end by the bullets; its inner shows where the English troops had begun to make loopholes, which, with rare exceptions, were not completed. The story went

at the time that the English lost one thousand men in the defence, and the French ten thousand in the attack. It would be difficult to check the figures, but certainly Hougoumont kept Jérome's corps fully occupied throughout the day.

We come now to the sadder and more solemn part of the subject. During the afternoon the small chapel attached to the château was set on fire by a French shell or fire ball. The wounded had been placed there for safety. Many of them were burnt to This part of the yard became death. so incommoded by the quantity of dead bodies that many of them were thrown down the well which still stands there. After the conclusion of the battle it became necessary to bury the dead in the hasty and perfunctory fashion of the time. To bring out the horrors of such scenes, it may be mentioned that no attempt had been made to bury the ten thousand slain at Quatre Bras on June 16th, and many witnesses have testified to the awfulness of the scene under the light of the moon when, during the night of June 18-19th the French pursued and the Prussian pursuers passed along the road to Charleroi. A contemporary witness recorded in a Brussels paper as a remarkable fact that the Highlanders of Picton's Division (92nd and 79th regiments) had commenced burying their own dead in trenches alongside the main Brussels-Charleroi high-road before ten o'clock in the evening while the battle was still raging round La Belle Alliance and Rossomme, "for it is their practice," he added, "not to rest themselves until they have first put their fallen comrades in their place of repose.""

It was otherwise at Hougoumont. During the morning of June 19th a trench not more than three feet deep was dug in the garden, and three hundred of our men were laid therein in a long row. It was considered that eighteen inches of earth above the bodies sufficed. At the same time as our men were buried, the bodies of three hundred French troops were burnt, and much of the wood that screened the buildings was cut down to make the funeral pyre. In Mudford's interesting "Campaign in the Netherlands," published in 1817, will be found some rather striking colored views of the respective scenes.

Few details are preserved as to what was done with the slain. In a field near the church of Waterloo three hundred English soldiers were buried to-These were men who died of their wounds in the main hospital in the Farm of Mont St. Jean or along the roadside. In the hollow east of the farm of La Haie Sainte a trench was sunk by the labor of the people of the neighborhood, and four thousand men and an immense number of horses were given common burial. tempt was made here to distinguish between the nations, but their uniforms, weapons, and other personal possessions were taken by the peasants who buried them as the reward of their toil. We have excellent contemporary evidence as to how the dead were buried in the following passage taken from one of the letters of Sir Walter Scott, who visited the battlefield about five weeks after the event:-

"This place (Hougoumont) was particularly interesting. It was a quietlooking gentleman's house, which had been burnt by the French shells. The defenders burnt out of the house itself betook themselves to the little garden, where, breaking loopholes through the brick walls, they kept up a most destructive fire on the assailants, who had possessed themselves of a little wood which surrounds the villa on one In this spot vast numbers had side. fallen, and being hastily buried the smell is most offensive at this moment.

Indeed, I felt the same annoyance in many parts of the field, and did I live near the spot I should be anxious about the diseases which this steaming carnage might occasion."

Mention of Scott will excuse the quotation from stanza 23 of his poem, "The Field of Waterloo":—

But still in story and in song
For many an age remembered long
Shall live the towers of Hougoumont!

The reader curious in such matters will find fuller details in the Memoirs of Major Pryse Gordon, who accompanied Scott on the occasion mentioned, and who also gives an account of an earlier visit to the battlefield, made only two days after the battle. In the same work, supplemented by that of the Count de St. Germain, will be found the best description of the scenes in Brussels during the three days following the Duchess of Richmond's ball, including the arrival, escorted by a troop of Scots Grays, of fifteen hundred French prisoners, whom the commissariat officer, Tupper Carey, took to be Belgian fugitives because they were talking French when he passed them near La Grande Espinette.

Many fantastic origins have been suggested for the name Hougoumont, but Brialmont solved the difficulty in his usual trenchant way by declaring that it was nothing more than the château of the Counts of Gomont. At the time of Waterloo it belonged to the Counts of Robiano, but with the destruction of the château it passed into humbler hands, and from a country residence it descended to an ordinary farmhouse, and probably the fees exacted from visitors exceed in value the return of the glebe. The following description of the place as it appeared on the day of the battle will interest the reader. Mudford said:

In front of the right center and near the Nivelles road was the château of Hougoumont (or Gomont), which covered the return of that flank. The château, the residence of a Flemish nobleman, had on one side a large farmyard, and on the other a garden fenced by a brick wall. The whole was encircled by an open wood of tall trees, growing upon about three acres of ground.

M. Navez, a Belgian writer, gives a more detailed account, of which the following is a translation:-"The demesne of Goumont consisted in 1815 of a château and farm buildings. large courtyard, almost rectangular in form, with a well in the centre, was bounded on the west by a barn, and on the north and east by stables and On the southern side coach-houses. was the massive building of the château itself, pierced with narrow windows, and ending in a chapel. One entrance to the courtyard was on the northern side near the stables, and gave access to the Nivelles road. second gateway lying between the barn and the chapel led to a smaller court, flanked on the west by a second barn, and on the south by the farmer's residence. Out of this court was the passage to the gardens extending to the eastwards of the group of buildings. A small garden near the farmer's house formed a sort of inner enclosure in a much more extensive garden, the latter being bounded on its southern and eastern sides by a solidly built wall. A large orchard protected with hedges covered the gardens to the north and east. They, including the buildings, were further screened by a wood of trees not planted closely to-In front of the orchard gether. stretched a field; a hedge surrounded this and also the wood."

Since 1815 this wood has been cut down and has totally disappeared. The little garden mentioned is now a kitchen garden, and the larger garden has been turned into an orchard.

Finally the description of General de Bas and Count T'Serclaes, in their monumental work ("La Campagne de 1815," tom. II., pp. 55-56), may be given:—

The property of Goumont consisted of a rectangular wood about three hundred and twenty-five yards in length and two hundred and seventy in breadth, covering from the south the approaches of an ancient château, which, with its chapel, farm buildings, stables, and coach-houses, formed a group of buildings disposed round two courtyards. Near good-sized chapel was a large well, which was soon to serve as a grave for several of the brave defenders of the post. large garden contiguous to the eastern side of the château was enclosed on its southern and eastern sides by a high Two large gates, through brick wall. which wagons could pass, gave admission into the courtyards, one from the south on the side of the wood, and the other on the west to an avenue bordered with poplar trees leading to the Nivelles road and Braine l'Alleud. An orchard extended beyond the garden east of the château, and in this direction also fields stretched along the edge of the wood. Quick-set hedges and deep ditches separated the wood, the fields, and the orchard from the neighboring plain.

There is one other point. Hougoumont is the least changed of all the historic features of the battlefield; indeed, it may be said that it is the only one that really survives in something like an intact condition the wreck of the battle and of time. A comparison between the descriptions just quoted as to its appearance on June 18th, 1815, and its present condition as it figures in the eye of every visitor who has seen it will suffice to prove that as a block of buildings it has undergone little material change. For the English visitor, it may be said to dominate the The preservation of Hougonmont would then be an act of patriotic plety, well deserving the support of the British Government.

For a long time it has been felt that

there ought to be a memorial on the field to Wellington and his men, but a monument after this lapse of time would savor of braggadocio, and only serve to perpetuate the painful memories for France of a British victory. The memorial should be non-aggressive, and free from the slightest trace of self-giorification. It should aspire to heal and not reopen wounds. acquisition of Hougoumont by England as her participation in the preservation of the battlefield might be accompanied by France's acquisition on similar terms of La Belle Alliance and Caillou, where Napoleon slept at least some part of the night before the bat-

Unless something is done to preserve Hougoumont, and that quickly, it will fall into decay, and before many years have passed it will have disappeared. for various schemes are afoot to turn the plains of Waterloo to industrial purposes. It is mainly due to the efforts of Count Louis Cavens that the slopes of Mont St. Jean are not already covered with smoky factories and the cottages of those who work in them. Against this vandalism a universal outcry has been raised, not merely in Belgium and Holland, but in France, Germany, and Japan, wherever, indeed, the memory of noble deeds is preserved. England alone has been backward. Yet on her action depends the success of the whole proposal to preserve the battlefield, for the acquisition of Hougoumont will give the required impetus and the right keynote to a movement which would greatly conduce to the maintenance of international peace and goodwill.

As Frenchmen and Englishmen were associated in the consecration of the Heights of Abraham, so should they be in the preservation of the battlefield of Waterloo, of which the British acquisition of Hougoumont represents the first and essential step. Certainly in

Belgium, if not here, this latter point is fully realized. Waterloo is, in truth, a name of which Frenchmen have just as much reason to be proud as we have. "The French soldier never fought better," that was Napoleon's after-verdict. "It was a battle of giants as glorious for the vanquished as the victor; never have I seen such a battle," that was Wellington's appreciation. It would not be difficult to show on paper how it should have been a French victory. It is essentially, then, the scene where the two great nations of Western Europe can best meet to-day hand in hand.

At Hougoumont no change or embellishment is needed. It has only to be prevented from crumbling away, but over the well might be placed the figure of a mourning angel, and in the The Fortnightty Review.

garden where English and French soldiers repose together might be erected a cenotaph with the words of Napoleon and Wellington which I have just quoted engraved thereon. The cost of the undertaking would be, comparatively to the object attained, infinites-But if the British Government is not to be forestalled or at least humiliated by finding the initiative that is its right taken from it, it must act The sentiment of the whole quickly. world has been stirred by the proposal to preserve the field of Waterloo from desecration, and a rumor has reached me that it is the intention of a New York multi-millionaire to purchase Hougoumont and present it to the American people. If this were to take place, it would be to the lasting shame of the British Government.

Demetrius C. Boulger.

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## THE PASTORAL MOOD.

The Pastoral Mood finds its fittest expression in that aspiration of the world-weary King:—

O God! methinks it were a happy life, To be no better than a homely swain; To sit upon a hill, as I do now,

To carve out dials quaintly, point by point,

Thereby to see the minutes how they

So many hours must I tend my flock:

So many hours must I take my rest; So many hours must I contemplate;

So many hours must I sport myself;

So many days my ewes have been with young;

So many weeks ere the poor fools will yean;

So many years ere I shall shear the fleece:

So minutes, hours, days, months, and years,

Pass'd over to the end they were created, Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave.

Ah, what a life were this! how sweet! how lovely!

None have enjoyed the pastoral life more keenly than many who have never lived it. In the din of cities, amid the dust of urban labor, the tired mind strays in fancy to green hillsides where the sheep are grazing, where in the haze of sunlight they seem hanging on some rock-strewn slope, while the shepherd, resting from the noontide heat under a boulder's shade, has just enough occupation in the care of his charges to prevent weariness stealing over his meditations.

Now the most casual observer is aware in his more reasonable moments that the shepherd's hours are not all passed as easily as these. The shepherd's life, in northern latitudes at any rate, is a hard one, especially at lambing-time, when his vigilance is perpetually taxed, and he must sleep when he can, not when he will. most seasons he is among the earliest workers, busy, perhaps, among his hurdles, as he shifts his flock to fresh How often has such a one's pasture. bent figure, silhouetted against the pale morning sky, been my first assurance that another day's toil has begun! This particular shepherd, by the way, had the love of music traditionally assigned to his class; his instrument, however, was not a be-ribboned pipe, but a violin, and I do not think he chose his sheep for audience. turn, the shepherd does not want for work, nevertheless his life admits of more contemplation than does that of most outdoor workers; and this may be one reason for the superior thoughtfulness and refinement which has been remarked in these tenders of the flock as a class. Perhaps another and a stronger reason is that he has so many living creatures dependent on his care. Enough that the faithful shepherd was long since chosen, at the dawn of a new day, as the type of what is loftiest and most devoted.

No apology, then, is needed for falling into the pastoral mood. It is a lapse to which many of us are prone. It is a dream from which we wake, very likely, no richer and no wiser. There is even a sinister saying about wits which go wool-gathering. But there have been, these two thousand years and more, a number of creative minds which have fallen into the pastoral mood to some purpose, whose dreams have not vanished at the moment of awakening. Upon their achievements one may linger for a space; and if the reader who cares to bear me company in this desultory ramble finds himself traversing familiar highways of letters, yet we may at times diverge into by paths which possibly he has not trodden, or perhaps so long ago that their aspect has grown novel and unfamiliar.

There is no saying how long the shepherds and neatherds of Sicily had lived the life so faithfully portrayed by Theocritus before he, their vates sacer, discovered them. Earlier Sicilian bards had written of the rural life of their country, but, as their works are lost, Theocritus is for us the founder of the pastoral poetry of the Western world. For many generations-though none can number them-had Sicilian countrymen sung traditional ditties, rivalled one another in love and song, shown their skill in contest for reedpipe or bowl of ivy-wood, tampered with incantations, lived, loved, and As surely as they lived and died. died, so surely were these pursuits, together with the care of their flocks and herds, the chief interest of their being. For many generations more they might have continued to pass their days in this fashion, unmarked and unsung, had not the genius arisen who saw in the rural life about him the inspiration of a vein of poetry as delightful as it was new. surrendered himself a willing captive to the pastoral mood, and pastoral poetry was born. It may of course be maintained that he was an ambitious man, with a reputation to make, who looked upon his happy discovery mainly as a means of self-advancement. Without going to such lengths of assertion there is no need to exclude that motive; but the idylls are written with such a zest and spontaneity that it is not hard to believe in their author's disinterestedness. It is more than probable that they were composed in Alexandria; and, pent in that great city, the poet may have yearned in all sincerity for the country sights and sounds of his loved Sicily. The idylls were the children of his heart, as well as of his intellect.

The earliest pastoral poet, he is prob-

ably the most unaffected. guage which he puts into the mouths of his swains and damsels is no more adorned or figurative than that which their originals were accustomed to use. Thus, when he makes the deserted Simaetha say: "Now the sea is silent, now the breezes, but the grief within my breast is silent never"; or: "Ah, cruel love, why dost thou cling to me like a leech of the marsh, and drainest all the black blood from my body?" -when Lycidas describes the heavy noontide as a season "when even the lizard sleeps within the crannies of the wall, and not a lark is stirring"-the phenomena observed and the metaphors derived from them are precisely such as presented themselves most obviously to Sicilian country-folk. This point, though once contested, now needs no elaborating. But even if the reader were inclined to question the propriety of the diction of Theocritus, he could hardly continue to do so after reading the specimens of modern Greek love-songs included by Mr. Lang in the preface to his translation of this author, wherein he may find that mod-Greek peasants clothe their thoughts in language quite as figurative and poetical as that in use among their Sicilian predecessors. All that Theocritus has added, besides the touch of his genius, is that he has given a metrical form to soliloquies and dialogues -as distinct from songs-which would more naturally have been cast in He has described the pastoral prose. world of his time and country as he found it, with its moral ugliness, to which his eyes were closed, as well as its beauty; and numerous as have been his successors in this field, those pastoral poets who have any claim to vie with him in fidelity to nature are extremely few. In fact, a list which includes the names of Shakespeare, Allan Ramsay, Burns, Wordsworth and Barnes, is probably complete.

I am quite aware that at first glance it appears entirely inadequate. Where is Virgil, where is Tasso, where is Sannazaro, where are Spenser and Sidney, to name but a few? Were not these pastoral poets? Yes, but "with a difference." If the first requisite of pastoral poetry is that it should be a faithful mirror of pastoral manners, envisaged either by the seeing eye or as perhaps in the case of Shakespeare, the great imaginative realist, mainly by the inner vision, then these poets and their imitators are certainly to be excluded. This is not for a moment to deny their excellences. Excellences they have, but of a different order from those of the poets who, for convenience' sake, may be termed the truly It is open to anybody to arpastoral. gue that the eclogues of Virgil are better literature than the idylls of Theocritus; that they are very good literature has never been denied. They are not, however, a reality, but avowedly the imitation of a reality. This does not prevent their being full of charm. Indeed it seems almost ungracious to wish that Virgil, instead of choosing to appear to his countrymen as a Roman Theocritus, had relied on his own observation and intuitions. At any rate, he chose otherwise; his muse was the first, as he tells us, to deign to disport herself in the Syracusan manner: and he was so much in love with everything connected with his Greek models that in one of his finest passages, that in which he gives utterance to his preference for a country life, we find him sighing for Thessalian rivers, Laconian mountains and Thracian valleys, as if his native Italy had not hills, vales and fountains every whit as fair. This convention must be accepted on the threshold, if Virgil is to be enjoyed as he deserves to be enjoyed. is no need to suppose his thoughts insincere because he chose to dress them in an alien garb; and in many of his

adaptations of Theocritus the expression is so perfect that, when the passages are compared, the candid reader will incline to give the palm to Theocritus, if indeed he gives it, only because the Sicilian has the priority in To take but one example, the forsaken Simaetha tells of her feelings at the first sight of Delphis: "Even as I saw him, I loved him madly, and all my wretched heart was wounded"; and Polyphemus thus addresses Galatea: "I loved thee, maiden, on the day when first thou camest with thy mother to gather hyacinths on the hill, and 'twas mine to guide thee to them." Virgil combines these two passages in one of his most exquisite pictures, adding, as is his manner, something of his own. Damon is relating the birth of his love for Nisa, who has now given her hand to another suitor: "I saw thee when thou wast a little one, gathering dewy apples in our orchard with thy mother, and I showed thee the way. I was but twelve myself, and just could reach As I beheld thee, how the boughs. was I undone, how fond a madness overpowered me!" Perhaps in this case if we regard the two poets as contending swains, we may say of them what Theocritus wrote of Damœtas and Daphnis the herdsman: "Neither won the victory, for both were invincible." But in a general view Virgil's claim for admission to the narrow circle of the truly pastoral must be disallowed.

The pastoral mood has indeed led to the composition of some of the most artificial poetry in the world, as well as to that of some of the most spontaneous. Artificiality is the note of the so-called pastoral poetry which came into fashion with the revival of learning in Italy. Its chief exponents were Sannazaro, Tasso and Guarini (author of the Pastor Fido, which in a measure suggested Fletcher's "Faithful Shepherdess"). The Arcadia of the first

and the Aminta of the second are the admitted models of the artificial Sannazaro's Arcadia is an school. imaginary country in a supposed golden His choice of a locality is arbitrary enough, for the real Arcadia was bleak and barren, and its inhabitants appear to have been distinguished in the opinion of the ancients rather by dullness than by any other quality. Tasso's Aminta is in dramatic form. The poet's drift is soon perceived. Love has fled from the control of Venus, intent upon trying the effect of his darts upon rural breasts. us, in the course of a prologue, something of his purposes:-

I will inbreathe high fancies in rude hearts;

I will refine, and render dulcet sweet Their tongues.

For 'tis my crowning glory and great miracle

To make the rural pipe as eloquent As even the subtlest harp.<sup>1</sup>

Exactly; but the rural pipe, when so transformed, is not recognizable. Amyntas, a shepherd, could not stir the hard-hearted Sylvia to love until he had, as was supposed, perished for her Happily he did not really die, so that the curtain comes down on fidelity rewarded. However beautiful as literature, Aminta is remote, in its details, from nature and experience. By works such as these it is fair to suppose that Spenser was influenced, as he certainly was by Clement Marot, for in his pastorals nature and artifice seem struggling for the mastery. In the choice of names for his rustics he is realistic enough, and sometimes in his themes; but he has vitiated the pastoral by the introduction of thinly veiled discourses on the religious and political questions of the day, as Milton, in Lycidas, did after him. Let us exchange this Spenserian borderland 1 Leigh Bunt's translation.

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for the dominions of the truly pastoral.

We have grown so accustomed to such questions as: Was Shakespeare a lawyer's clerk? Had he been to sea? Was he a Roman Catholic?-that I trust the shock of his inclusion in the same category as Theocritus has been somewhat discounted. The truth is, that Shakespeare appears in turn as an exponent of almost every species of poetry, according as the mood takes It is impossible to exclude the author of As You Like It and The Winter's Tale from the pastoral brother-It is of little moment in what particular age he intended the shepherds of those plays to figure; enough that they belong to the modern world, and are as germane to their surroundings as are the swains of Theocritus to The representatives of this way of life in As You Like It are three: Corin, Silvius and Phebe. Let us consider for a moment how they play their parts. Corin is getting up in years, but the years have given him a store of sober wisdom, and not robbed him of his sympathy with the young. shows due discretion in the sale of his master's property to Rosalind, and patiently endures the outpourings of Silvius, who is crossed in love, and does not accept too handsomely the old man's sympathetic counsel. He is seen at his best in the dialogue with Touchstone, where his shrewdness and his limitations are at once apparent. It is to be observed that, in this contest of wits, though Touchstone's dialectic silences his opponent's guns, ("You have too courtly a wit for me," says Corin; "I'll rest"), yet his victory is only a seeming one, being gained by a series of fallacies whose unsoundness the old man feels, though he is not skilful enough to demonstrate it. While beaten in argument, he is far from being convinced that he is "in a parlous state" because he has never been a courtier; and for his final de-

fence, which he instinctively feels impregnable, falls back upon the realities of his life: "Sir, I am a true laborer; I earn that I eat, get that I wear; owe no man hate, envy no man's happiness; glad of other men's good, content with my harm: and the greatest of my pride is, to see my ewes graze and my lambs suck." And when the irrepressible Touchstone goes off at a tangent on another aspect of the shepherd's calling, Corin, who has now gauged his adversary's quality, simply leaves him unanswered. Many of us must have known old countrymen of this type, with shrewdness, kindliness and honesty for the bedrock of their character. Silvius, the lover, is perhaps too deeply in love to be deeply interesting. Truly, as Rosalind says, "Love has made him a tame snake." He is so enamoured of Phebe that he thinks it no shame to be the bearer of her letters to one whom he sees preferred to himself. Yet with this lack of proper pride, he has the compensating quality of self-abnegation vouchsafed to those in his condition, so that, as is often the case in real life, one does not know whether more to rebuke and pity or commend him; and Shakespeare has seen fit to put into his mouth, in phrases so simple as not to transcend a substantial swain's condition, perhaps the most perfect description of love in the language:-

It is to be all made of sighs and tears; It is to be all made of faith and service; It is to be all made of fantasy,

All made of passion, and all made of wishes:

All adoration, duty, and observance,

All humbleness, all patience, and impatience;

All purity, all trial, all obedience.

As to Phebe, she is as perverse as one of Mr. Thomas Hardy's rural heroines, and that is saying a good deal. She is made of coarser stuff than Silvius. She has the heart-whole woman's im-

patience of metaphor, and with a prolixity of literalness demonstrates to her lover that it is impossible her eyes should wound him. Her treatment of Silvius when she has herself fallen in love with the pretended Ganymede is, though perhaps that "tame snake" deserved it, ungenerous to a degree. When the Ganymede deception is revealed she falls back on her constant lover with a fairly good grace; but one cannot speculate upon the married life of Silvius without a sympathetic apprehension.

There is no less degree of nature about the rural characters in The Winter's Tale. They are cast in a rougher mould than their compeers in As You Like It, but their lot has been a harder This is in accordance with the more serious tone of the whole play. Our first acquaintance with the "old Shepherd" of The Winter's Tale and with the Clown, his son, is made in "a desert Country near the Sea," (Shakespeare having invested Bohemia with a coast), amid circumstances which stir the elder man, who is not so tolerant as Corin, to a denunciation in very plain terms of all the young men in the world. The cause of offence is then revealed: "Hark you now!-Would any but these boiled brains of nineteen and two-and-twenty hunt this weather? They have scared away two of my best sheep which, I fear, the wolf will sooner find than the master." The speaker, however, is soon to be mollified, for he finds something far more valuable than his strayed wethers-a deserted child in whose swaddlingclothes much gold has been concealed. In no long time the old Shepherd, by means of this unexpected windfall, "from very nothing, and beyond the imagination of his neighbors, is grown into an unspeakable estate." The babe grows up and passes as his She is known as Perdita, the very flower of rustic damsels, "a

queen of curds and cream." The course of her fortunes entails the description of a sheep-shearing festival at her supposed father's house, one of the daintiest and most natural pastoral episodes in literature. graces of Perdita, which her lowly condition cannot hide, are in happy contrast with the homely manners of her pretended kinsfolk and the country talk of their guests, as these crowd around the pedlar, listening to his ballads and gossiping over the showy con-It is all so vivid tents of his pack. that one seems to have seen it rather than to have read of it. When Prince Florizel is discovered by his father to be Perdita's wooer, the old Shepherd and his son are threatened with the direst torments; but, on the discovery that Perdita is herself a princess, they are forgiven. The presentment of these worthies is consistent throughout; there is nothing very elevated about them either in adversity or in prosperity. We leave them speculating on their new condition of "gentlemen born," and may picture them, after a brief enjoyment of its possibilities, as glad enough to return to their sheepfolds.

When Allan Ramsay-ex-wigmaker, bookseller and poet-composed his Gentle Shepherd, he was in part inspired by the story of Perdita and Florizel. Published in 1725, The Gentle Shepherd was immediately popular in Scotland, and was constantly reprinted. There can hardly be a better test of pastoral than that it should find readers and admirers in the class whose manners it seeks to portray. This is the glory of Burns, and was the case with Ramsay's drama, which is said, on good authority,2 to be still a favorite among Lowland reapers and milkmaids. While Ramsay was demonstrating that north of the Tweed pastoral life could still

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> The "Encyclopaedia Britannica" commits itself to this statement.

furnish material for poetry which should be natural and convincing without sinking into coarseness and trivfality, Gay in England seemed determined to prove the opposite. vergence is partly to be explained by the different temperaments of the two writers, partly by the contrasts of the two nationalities in respect of genius, climate and environment. Gay's Pastoral Week has had many admirers. It has been called "a pleasing and natural cycle of poems." It has been claimed for Gay that he succeeded in adapting the Theocritean idyll, in all its simplicity, to the manners of rural England. If such were really his intention, I think unbiased readers of The Pastoral Week will judge his attempt a failure. But had he any serious purpose of the kind? To maintain that he had is to overlook the circumstances in which The Pastoral Week was composed. It was written, at the request of Pope, in scarcely veiled ridicule of the Pastorals of Ambrose Phillips, whose success had excited the jealousy of Pope, himself a writer of some highly artificial eclogues in this manner. The pastoral spirit emerges at intervals in the work of every true poet; but while I do not pretend to a knowledge of all Gay's motives in this matter, it appears to me that in the result his verses rang the death-knell of the formal pastoral in England. One feels, after reading them, that no one would dare to repeat the experiment on serious lines. For Gay, whether intentionally or not, writes as a parodist, and a good one too. The very titles of his eclogues sound a warning note: "Monday, or the Squabble; Tuesday, or the Ditty; Wednesday, or the Dumps," and so on. The contents do not belie the warning, as a few extracts will Here is an utterance of show. Grubbinel:-

Albeit thy songs are sweeter to mine ear

Than to the thirsty cattle river clear, Or winter porridge to the lab'ring youth,

Or buns and sugar to the damsel's tooth,

Yet Blouzelinda's name shall tune my lay,

Of her I'll sing for ever and for aye.

Here, again, we have Cloddipole deciding a singing match:—

Forbear, contending louts, give o'er

your strains,
An oaken staff each merits for his pains.

But see! the sunbeams bright to labor warn

And gild the thatch of goodman Hodge's barn;

Your herds for want of water stand adry:

They're weary of your songs-and so am I.

It is superfluous to cite further passages. Any reader of Virgil's eclogues must surely see that these lines are parody, the reductio ad absurdum of the formal pastoral.

The Gentle Shepherd is animated by a very different spirit. This drama. which with Allan Ramsay's other poems was one of the textbooks of Robert Burns, though slightly artificial in design, has been pronounced, by those best qualified to form an opinion, to be a faithful mirror of the manners and characters of the rural Lowlanders of Scotland in the seventeenth century. The dialect in which it is written no doubt militated against its becoming widely popular in England. It was reserved for the genius of Burns to familiarize English readers with Scottish idiom; yet even to-day the average reader of The Gentle Shepherd will find himself beaten now and then, unless he be fortunate enough to possess a copy of the edition prepared by one Miss Margaret Turner, in 1790. The pastoral, prefaced by a highly genteel list of subscribers, is here "attempted in English," that is to say,

each page of the native Doric is faced by an English version. The latter need not be read, but a glance at it affords enlightenment when one is confronted by such perplexing words as "whindging," let us say, or "dawted."

With Miss Turner's assistance Ramsay's play makes very pleasant reading. The author is in thorough sympathy with his characters and their surroundings. The scene is "a shepherd's village and fields some few miles from Edinburgh," the period is the eve of the Restoration. On these happy plains the echoes of civil strife are but faintly heard; yet the laird of the country who had chosen

To shine or set in glory with Montrose,

had been forced to fly for his life, and had his estates confiscated. Foreseeing such a possibility, and not wishing his son to grow up as a future landowner and then find himself landless and without means of livelihood, he had entrusted him, before the troubles began, to one of his tenants, to be brought up to the condition of a shep-The youth is Patie (Patrick), the Gentle Shepherd of the poem. is a mistake to look for much variety in the pastoral life, and we are not surprised to find Patie the accepted lover of Peggy, a maiden of the village. Patie's friend Roger is also a lover, but his mistress is coy, and is a votary of single blessedness. and Jenny hold a long dialogue upon the advantages and drawbacks of married life, in which Jenny at last owns herself convinced by Peggy's superior sense, and hints that she has had a liking for the bashful Roger all along. There is some pretty love-making between Patie and Peggy, and in Patie's avowal we are reminded of an earlier voice:-

I'm sure I canna change, ye needna fear, Tho' we're but young, I've loved you mony a year:

I mind it well, when thou could'st hardly gang,

Or lisp out words, I choos'd ye frae the thrang

Of a' the bairns, and led thee by the hand,

Aft to the tansy know or rashy strand; Thou smiling by my side—I took delight

To pou the rashes green with roots sae white.

Of which, as well as my young fancy cou'd,

For thee I plet the flow'ry belt and snood.

Patie's plans, however, are upset by the return of his father, who reveals his true condition; for "ane ca'd Monk" has brought back the King from over the water, and Sir William is free to claim his own again. But he will not hear of his son's union with any lowborn lass, and Patie and Peggy are in despair. They exchange vows of Patie is to go to France in fidelity. quest of the polish which that country affords; Peggy will find her chief solace in praying for his safe return and in sharing her confidences with the very trees and flowers in the copse where their troth was plighted.

Not all the personages, however, are so sincere and innocent. There is a hind, one Bauldy, who has jilted his sweetheart for love of Peggy. He sees his opportunity in Patie's altered des-There is an old dame in the tinies. village called Mause, reputed to be a witch, and to her Bauldy hies, and craves the assistance of her black arts in his designs upon Peggy. Mause, who is no witch at all, promises to For reasons of her own she is devoted to Peggy, and determines to punish the treacherous hind. Calling in a certain spinster to her aid, whom Bauldy has deeply offended by reflections upon her age, she terrifles Bauldy by raising up a midnight ghost, who however proves her substantial

being by giving the panic-stricken hind a sound cudgelling, which no doubt made him in the future more mannerly where a lady's age was in Sir William inquires into question. the matter, and makes Bauldy promise to return to his neglected sweetheart. All the characters are present at this inquiry; Sir William is struck by the refined beauty of Peggy, and asks who The old shepherd whose niece she is. she is supposed to be admits that she is a foundling, left in infancy at his Who, then, is Peggy? Mause steps forward to reveal a secret. Peggy is Sir William's own niece, whom a cruel kinsman had proposed to smother, and thereupon to seize her estate, which indeed he now holds; but Mause, who had nursed the child's mother, saved the infant from this ruffian and fled with her to a place of safety, saw her adopted by the shepherd, and herself lived in poverty hard by, to keep watch upon the child's safety and upbringing. So Peggy is shown to be as gentle in birth as she is in manners, and the lovers are A simple story enough; but united. the shrewdness and geniality of its older characters, the tenderness and naturalness of its younger ones, and the effective glimpses of the fair landscape which is the setting of their lives, contrive to form a very pleasing and agreeable whole.

It is easy to imagine that Burns took delight in Ramsay's work. Compared with the muse of Burns, Ramsay's is, of course, "as water unto wine." The poetry of Burns is the right Falernian Burns is bound by no of Pastoral. conventions. He is at no pains to write a pastoral drama, or a regular se-The thoughts that ries of eclogues. hurry from his mind fall as if by instinct into the several moulds best fitted to receive them. There is no need to name his masterpieces. differentiate him from his predecessors, we may describe him as the great pastoral lyrist. He is singer, satirist and story-teller: the heart of an entire people seems beating in his utterance. The philosophic Wordsworth has more in common with him than at first appears-notably, that principle of looking upon man as man, apart from material considerations. Wordsworth has set on record his admiration of Burns, and his grief for his untimely death:-

### Neighbors we were, and loving friends We might have been.

We include Wordsworth among the truly pastoral, because he interpreted for us the dalesman of Cumberland and Westmorland, even as Burns showed us the face of rural Scotland. Barnes has sought to do the same for the folk of Dorset, and has to some extent succeeded; but, alas! the harshness of the dialect which he employs makes his songs unacceptable to many.

But here a doubt arises. Can any survey of the truly pastoral approach adequacy which fails to include those who have preferred to express their mood in prose? When we think of the masters in this manner, are we to take no account of such writers as George Sand, R. D. Blackmore and Thomas Hardy? Among the classic swains who haunt the memory, is there no place for George Meredith's Master Gammon, whose appetite for dumpling, it may be recalled, was only satisfied when he began to feel his buttons-whose face, said one, was as a parchment "for Time to write his nothings on"-who yet, in Rhoda Fleming's dire need, proffered her the poor savings of a lifetime, accompanied by no parade, perhaps by no consciousness of generosity, only by a slip of paper bearing just these words, with complemens? The subject is tempting, but too large for treatment here: I can but broach the heresy, and leave it to the read-

er's consideration. Only let me cite in its support that one pastoral novel, which is surely the most delightful in the language, Mr. Hardy's Far from the Madding Crowd. What a series of idyllic pictures it presents! The loss of Farmer Oak's sheep by his young dog's excess of zeal; the shearing feast, when Bathsheba Everdene, unconscious of the tragedy which lay before her, standing in the window-opening, her slight figure darkly outlined by the lights within, sang to the attendant shearers "The Banks of Allan Water," The Oxford and Cambridge Review.

while at their long table they "reclined against each other as at suppers in the early ages of the world"; the oat-field where Cainy Ball bursts in upon the reapers with the importance of a traveller who has "been visiting to Bath and see'd the world at last," these passages, and many others equally admirable and distinctive, may some day be judged not unworthy to rank with the highest metrical outcomes of the Pastoral Mood in every country and in every tongue.

Harry Christopher Minchin.

### THE PATWARI AND THE PEACOCK.

It was late afternoon of a Bengal March, and rather warmer than it had When it is as warm as been all day. that, one is not sure whether it is cooler to sit quite still in a chair, or to get up and pant about for a little. sat in a chair in front of a tent in the mango-grove which we had reached a few hours before in the sweat of our brows, travelling first by train and The heat seemed to be then by horse. massed and held by the trees. their green shelter overhead invisible doves cooed, an oriole hung upside down on a branch above me, and now and again a partridge called from a piece of grass jungle not far off. That was like England. Not like England was the perpetual buzz of insect life.

"So this is what a Government estate is like?" I said to the Collector, as he came out from his office tent. He had brought me there on one of his inspection rounds, having promised that if business could be got through in time, we should go together into a peacock jungle that lay to the south, and hunt peacocks from the back of an elephant. When he had spoken of the place as a Government estate, I had vaguely expected a park-like property

with a manor-house to it and a ring fence. Instead, there stretched, outside the mango-grove, the usual endless plain, part cultivated, part wild—all brown in the sunset except for that dark and mysterious patch in the distance which was the peacock jungle.

The Collector nodded.

"It seems very jolly," I added, in case he should think I was not appreciating this particular portion of his kingdom. "Especially the partridges."

"It may seem jolly," said the Collector with a frown, "but it's in a considerable mess. I am sorry about those peafowl, but I daresay we shan't have time to go after them. It is quite clear the Patwari is a villain."

"Perhaps he is really ill," I said.

"Perhaps," said the Collector, not impressed. "I wish I knew what he has been up to for the last year or so."

I ought to explain—since the Patwari is, so to speak, the cause of this paper—that a Patwari is something between a bailiff and an estate agent, and this particular Patwari was bailiff of this particular estate. The Bengal Government has upon its hands quite a number of similar properties. It does not exactly need them or hanker af-

ter them, but when their previous owners die without an heir, or decamp without paying rates and taxes, then if nobody else will buy the places-and up-country in Bengal there seems no desperate desire to become an owner of property-the Government has to take over charge of these estates willynilly. And "proputty sticks." The Government officials at headquarters console themselves with the thought that after all it is an excellent thing that country officers, such as Collectors and so forth, should come into direct contact with the land and the peasants; and of course they are quite right. It is a most excellent thing. The only trouble is that when a man already has his hands full of other work, the supervision of a large number of separate estates varying in size, and cut off from one another perhaps by thirty or forty miles of jungle roads, tends to become more of a labor than The Collector had not grumbled to me about his forty estates. He had forty. But I had gathered that the impossibility of giving them a real and proper supervision irked him considerably. Here, for example, was one of the biggest of his estates, and he was seeing it for the first time. His immediate predecessor, whose term of office in that district had been a brief one, had not visited it at all, while the Collector before him had got there just previous to his promotion to some other place, and had only had time to leave some hasty notes, saying that the rents received seemed inadequate, and it might be as well to look after the Patwari. What sort of looking after was required he left to future discoverers to decide.

We were about to become those discoverers, and with a view to discovering as much as possible during the two days the Collector had at his disposal, the date of our visit had not been announced beforehand. We had simply ridden up to the Patwari's house, before we came on to the mango-grove, and the Collector had sent in word he would like to see the Patwari at once. Not thus is a Bengali citizen caught A few minutes later a mesnapping. sage had been sent out to his Honora simple pathetic message-by the mouth of the Patwari's servant, to say that by a singular fatality the Patwari had that very morning been seized with bad fever, and would be compelled to keep his bed for at least two days. Even now, alas! he lay on the couch of suffering. Instead of expressing his regrets for the trials of a fellow-laborer in the work of the district, his Honor had returned a simple but I thought hard-hearted message to the effect that as he only proposed staying in the neighborhood two days, and must in the course of that time thoroughly inspect the whole of the estate, it would be necessary for the Patwari in the public interests, at the risk of increasing his fever, to appear in the mango-grove in one hour from that time, bringing with him all the estate books.

In one hour the Patwari had appeared, a benevolent-faced old man, looking a little injured perhaps, but cheery and anxious to help his Honor to his utmost to grasp the details of a stewardship which I felt sure, from his honest and open manner, would prove to have been one of sterling raerit. Unfortunately he had forgotten to bring the estate books. They were made up-oh yes, made up to this very week,-every trifling figure was entered in them, he assured the Collector, but in the haste of coming to pay his respects he had forgotten to bring them. It was his haste and his fevered head, one was led to suppose. The callous Collector, ignoring his frail state of health, had proceeded to crossexamine him about all sorts of estate matters which even a strong and salubrious Patwari might have found it difficult to explain outright. Resultmuddled and increasingly contradictory replies from a hurt but very patient Patwari: cold wrath from a suspicious and baffled Collector. Patwari presently dismissed with two injunctions-(1) That immediately on his return to the village he send round the forgotten estate books: (2) That at an early hour next morning he again present himself at camp, so that he may personally conduct the Collector round the estate and make clear many points at present highly mysterious-no amount of fever to prevent Patwari from thus presenting himself.

The books had been sent roundnot, it is true, immediately, but a few hours later, and with them had come a message saying that an uncle on his mother's side was dying in a village two miles away-would his Honor therefore excuse the Patwari's attendance next morning, as he desired, instead, to go over and soothe the deathbed of the said uncle? And now the Collector, whose reply to this appeal had been a curt negative, had come forth from going through the books, and was telling me that not only were they in a great muddle, but that the whole of the accounts for the last half-year had, he was convinced, been written in during the last half-hour, the ink being scarcely dry. Of course it was because they had not been written up that the Patwari had forgotten to bring them.

"It merely shows that he's cunning as well as rascally," said the Collector, having explained this much.

"What exactly do you suspect him of having done?" I asked.

"I can't quite make out yet what he's done," said the Collector. "The amount of money received from tenants seems to bear no relation to the amount of land rented, and any way the books are quite hazy as to what amount of land is rented. The best part of the estate, so far as I can make out, isn't rented at all—which seems odd."

"How are you going to unravel things?" I asked.

"Ride personally over the whole of the place to-morrow," said the Collector, "and the same time get the Sub-deputy-Collector to go round with the Kanungo and write down who exactly the tenants are and what land they rent. I really am afraid that by the time we have got that all done there'll be none left for going after these peafowl."

"Never mind," I said. "I am seeing Bengal anyway,—the shameful rapidity with which you entertain suspicions of deserving native officials—the harshness of your methods in trying to extract money for an alien Government. All this is of interest, and what I came to see."

The oppressor grinned in a careworn manner and returned to pore over the estate books. I was thankful that in that great heat I had nothing to do but lie in a chair and listen to the partridges calling.

It was rather an interesting cavalcade that started to ride over the Government estate the next morning. Not counting the two of us, it consisted of the following. The Patwari, turbaned and slippered, in flowing robes, upon a very diminutive pony with leaning legs. The Patwari's tall and turbaned servant on foot. No increase of fever, by the way, seemed at this crisis to ravage the Patwari's ingenuous and dignifled countenance, but, on the other hand, a different and strange affliction had seized him. He had become deaf The Collector, -remarkably deaf. who had addressed him some questions before we started, had been unable to make himself audible at all to the Patwarl; yet so humbly anxious was the old gentleman to hear what his Honor was saying that even the Collector

had been staggered, and came to me to ask if I had any recollection of the Patwari's having seemed deaf overnight. Honestly, I could not say that I had. It did not much matter what our recollections might have been. Beyond all doubt the Patwari was exceedingly deaf now, and even loud shouts, which on a blazing hot day are exhausting to produce and trying to the temper of the producer, failed to have any effect upon him. He understood, of course, that he was being spoken to, and spoke in his turn quickly and at length, giving copious information about the estate. But it was not the information the Collector desired, nor did his answers in any way correspond to the questions asked him. The Collector having roared himself into a hoarse fume, gave up at last; after which I saw the Patwari frequently take sideways glances of anxiety at his Honor's not too reassuring face.

Next to be enumerated in the cavalcade were our two chuprassies, mounted upon the borrowed elephant we had brought with us in case time allowed of our entering the peacock jungle. There is no need to describe them at length. One was valiant and the other was discreet, and for shikari purposes they balanced one another Thus, if the small valvery nicely. iant one plunged into a crocodile-infested bog after a wounded duck, the other was pretty sure to be on the bank pointing out to him the dangers he incurred and the advisability of coming to shore at once. Besides these, there was the mahout and a heterogeneous collection of villagers, who, as usually happens in Bengal, had floated in from nowhere in particular and meant to see the day's fun. Lastly, there was Sub-deputy-Collector the and The Sub-deputy-Collector Kanungo. was a Bengali-a vast young man with the limbs and lurch of Dr. Johnson. He wore a new solar topi, a white duck jacket, and white duck ridingbreeches, but, owing either to an inability to ride or the inability of any horse to carry him, went on foot and was already perspiring heavily. This human weakness in no way detracted from the gravity and severity of his face, which suggested-or did so when he remembered to keep his mouth shut -that everything that lay before us that day depended for its success upon his judgment, which, come what might, should not fail us. He entirely disdained to glance at the Kanungo (a common-place, shrewd-faced, little Mohametan, who rode a pony)-though they were to be colleagues for the day at any rate, and were despatched at the end of the first mile or so to go and take the names and measurements which the Collector required. still see the Sub-deputy-Collector puffing his chest and tightening his lips as the Collector said to him-

"Now, remember, all I want you to do is to note down the names of the tenants and the extent of their land as the Kanungo measures it. Don't go and put down a lot of things about nothing in particular that happened to strike your fancy."

"Certainly not, your Honor, certainly not. I understand precisely. Just a few notes set out clearly. It shall be as your Honor desires," said the immense young man, striding off and swelling with the pride of his mission, with the Kanungo riding coolly in his wake.

"He's very keen," said the Collector, as we turned in the saddle to watch them going, "but he will make the most enormous reports about nothing at all. It's the Bengali flamboyancy. Restraint in any form is the last thing a Bengali learns. And of course he quarrels all the time with the Kanungo, because the Kanungo is a Behari and a Mohametan. I wonder whose tent that is?"

This last was in reference to a large and comfortable marquee which had been pitched a little to the right of the sandy road along which we were now riding. In this remote country it was strange to see a tent at all, and the Collector rode up to the Patwari to try and learn from him who could be camping there. He came back to inform me that the Patwari was still deaf, but that the Patwari's servant said that it was the camp of Kari Babu.

"Who's Karl Babu?" I inquired.

"He's a local zemindar," said the Collector. "Known as a very bad lot. He oppresses his tenants more than most of them. My idea is that he's probably in collusion with the Patwari to try and cheat us in some way. It seems that he's only just arrived, nominally to do some shooting. The fact probably is that he heard that we were coming, just as the Patwari did, and hurried along too in order to watch and see if I found out anything."

The plot was thickening, though in what direction I had not the faintest idea, nor would the Collector reveal his thoughts further. For some little time we rode on silently. The sun was blazing hot with that heat that spears you in the spine, and there was no protection from it, since the country we were passing through was open, except for grass jungles now and then that grew up higher than an elephant.

Altogether I was beginning to think that the delights of a Government estate were lessening and the monotony of the plains increasing, when we came upon one of those sights which, by their great beauty, make one forget heat and toil, and quite make one wonder how it was one could have thought the plains dull or unbeautiful. We came upon it through some of that very high grass that I have mentioned—by

a zigzag track trodden first of all perhaps by pigs or leopards, but used now by the scarcely more exacting Bengal It was a great pool with peasant. waters like polished ebony. were so smooth and bright that not only were all the tall reeds mirrored in them, but one could see flickering there even so small a thing as the shadow of a pied kingfisher. The bird itself hung in the air quivering with that sharp, quick motion that a butterfly uses when it is caught in some invisible Only the kingfisher was not caught, but aiming to catch some fish that swam beside its shadow. waters were so black that though it seemed as if one must be able to look to their very bottom, one could in fact see no deeper than into a mirror. the marge of the pool there lay some tortoise-shells - big. empty Some predatory beast or man had ripped the life out of them and left them lying there for time or the creatures that came down to drink to tread back into the mud out of which they came. Between the reeds the tiniest birds fluttered up and down, but silently. There was no noise at all by this pool, and perhaps that why it had been given the name which one of the villagers told us it was called with us by-Dead Warriors' Tarn. There was one watcher by it as we came up-a great lemon-colored crocodile. ably he had found his way there in flood-time from some far stream, and been left with the recession of the waters. He must have heard us approach, for in an instant he plopped from the edge of the reeds where he was sitting into the pool, leaving a black, sparkling wake. Then we saw the thing that, for me at any rate. marked out this pool from many other not dissimilar ones that I had seen before in rides through the jungle. was a mass of purple coot that floated

together on the top of that shining sombre water, on the far side of the pool, hard by some water-lilies.

I had noted in Bengal two effects of massed color which could not, I thought, be surpassed anywhere in the world. The first was that not uncommon one produced by a flock of green parrots suddenly, on some alarm, leaving the shelter of trees to-As they burst into the open it is as though some rock of emerald had exploded and blown into a thousand dazzling, screaming fragments. The second was a flight of silver plover wheeling into the sun, till even that Indian sun at midday seemed-in the shadow of their wings-to grow pale and delicate as the moon,-as that moon one may see off the Cornish coast shining on pilchards as they are hauled up to the surface in the big Both these sights I had seen, and thought well-nigh unsurpassable. But as I looked out across Dead Warriors' Tarn, it seemed to me that these purple coots floating on that black shining water, near the water-lilies, were still more beautiful. I do not know how anyone could have miscalled these As well call lustrous birds purple. our English kingfisher purple. Opal is nearer the color; and opals all crowded together in that dark cave in the mountain, when the magic lamp lit them up for Aladdin, were what they looked And then—as something made them aware of us-they became winged opals, and whirred above the reeds, and in a moment were lost in the jungle For that moment, as one's hevond. eyes followed the amazing iridescence, the name-Dead Warriors' Tarnseemed not quite suited to the pool. Jewels have been found that were buried with dead warriors, but never I tried to find out living jewels. through the Collector if there was any legend connected with the pool, but the villagers' store of information had given out. It was called Dead Warriors' Tarn-that was all he knew; nor do I suppose that the average English agricultural laborer who could tell one, say, that a given field was called The Outpost or Poison Mead, would be able to go much further in clearing up origins. The name and the pool might Mostly we think alike be old or new. of things in India as very old, but the illusion of age is also very easily created there. A river that seems to have flowed in its channel for a thousand years is known to have arrived perhaps yesterday; and where a desert of sand is seen to-day, yesterday and it may be for a thousand years before a river ran through ploughed land.

We rode on from here along more plain land, only stopping at one or two little villages where the Collector thought he might have a chance of gathering information from the peas-He questioned many of them. but though there was nothing to suggest that they were giving preconcerted answers, I judged from his face that he was not finding out what he wanted. Altogether, we were, I think, a little cast down by the time we halted for lunch outside another village which seemed to bound the estate on the west. Here, however, we were cheered a little by a communication which reached us from the Sub-deputy-It was brought by a small Collector. towsel-headed boy,-nine pages of foolscap paper closely written in pencil, with marginal and foot notes added at random, and the Collector, after a glance at it, handed it to me.

"You heard me tell him that I wanted nothing but the names of tenants and the extent of their land," he said with a groan. "Look at that and realize the aid we receive from Bengali assistants!"

It certainly was a curious document, and I wish now that I had kept possession of it, for the best bits I cannot remember. It took a diary form, and was to this effect—

9.3 A.M. Have got to this, the first village. The Kanungo is not yet arrived. This seems strange, since he has pony, and I not.

9.10 A.M. Very hot in this village. Still the Kanungo not arrived. I have set myself on ground and summoned villagers to come about me and tell me what size of village, what number of people, diseases, deaths, &c. I look in vain for Kanungo.

9.19 A.M. At last I espy pony in distance, and presently Kanungo arrive, very leisured. I say to him I am here from 9.3 o'clock A.M. What would his Honor say if he knew that you have thus delayed yourself? Insolent reply of Kanungo, by which, however, I disdain to be drawn in quarrel. Calmly I say to him to use chains

at once as directed by his master the Collector and District Magistrate.

10.4 A.M. I further question the villagers, and learn that a cow has been taken not long since into the jungle. Chota bagh is suspected by leading inhabitants. I think they are poor people, and not much tillage done. Names as follows of those with whom I have spoken, but many absent in fields, oth-

ers sick, &c.

What is Kanungo doing? 10.13 A.M. This subordinate official not visible from where I stand cross-examining older inhabitants on question relating to sanitary precautions, water-supplies, depth of well, social relations with surrounding villages, query intermarriage, and other matters affecting rural amen-I think it likely that he sits in ities. shade of peepul trees, while others perform assiduous duties. Is this the way, I ask, to secure flattering commendations of his Honor the District Magistrate, only reserved for those showing keenness and perseverance throughout all transactions committed and guaranteed to their charge? Perhaps Kanungo will regret later contemptuous rejection of advices offered in friendly spirit.

10.43 A.M. Doves not uncommon in trees and nests of wild bee observed

sporadically. Doubtless honey singularly fortuitous and acceptable diet in the event of failure as per annum of winter crop. I consider much of land suitable for buffalo, goat, &c.

10.59 A.M. Information this moment received from inadequately clothed urchin (see Government regulations re native dress) that Kanungo has already moved on to next village. Query work here properly done by said official?

As I have mentioned, there were nine foolscap pages of this, all annotated in the fullest manner. Thus, "Others sick" would have a footnote, giving several names of diseases as suspected by, or symptoms as related to, the indefatigable Sub - deputy - Collector. Against "Sanitary precautions" the single word "None" was to be in the margin. "Depth of well" had been stated in several different ways-e.g., according to the belief of the villagers. according to the guess of the Sub-deputy-Collector after dropping stone in, according to actual measurements made with rope, which did not, however, reach to the bottom. His Honor was at liberty to take his choice from this mass of evidence or not bother about it, as he pleased.

"It is very interesting," I said, handing the manuscript back. "Do you often get reports like that?"

"Fairly often," said the Collector. "At present the Sub-deputy-Collector is slowly learning to be methodical—only, his buoyancy gets the better of him. Of course, much of it is quite ingenious. Many of the officials wouldn't have noticed the wild bees or the suitability of the land for buffaloes; nor would it have occured to them, in their wildest dreams, to have gone into the question of inter-marriage. Still, when one has to read reams of that——"

"Quite so," I said. "Does the Kanungo send in a report too?"

"Oh, he'll probably just put down

the figures I asked for, and not bother about anything else."

"Not even the Sub-deputy-Collector's reproaches?"

"Not he," said the Collector.

A few minutes later we were in the saddle again. We had, before resting for lunch, traversed a good half of the Government estate without coming upon what appeared-according to the estate books-to be the best land, from an agricultural point of view, upon the property; and it was on finding this land that the Collector was now bent. The Patwari, re-summoned to his presence, appeared to be deprived not only of the use of his hearing but also of the use of his understanding. The Collector would point on an old map of the estate he had with him to the land he desired to inspect, and then by gesticulations desire the Patwari to lead us to it. The Patwari would either smile amiably and shake his head, or he would wave his hand in some clearly impossible direction. In the end the Collector decided that he would have to find the place he wanted for himself, the Patwari accompanying but not guiding. I secretly applauded this resolution, because the land the Collector wanted to find seemed to lie pretty close to the peacock jungle, and I thought there might be a chance of entering it after all. I really think, upon looking back, that the Patwari, seeing the Collector's decision, might have had the decency to know that he was done for, and therefore it was not worth while to delay us further. (He must have felt that he was a lost soul.) But not he. For the rest of that afternoon he delayed things as much as he could. First of all, it appeared that during lunch-time his pony had been sent off home-for reasons not explained. We were left to infer-from the mere fact- that it would not be decent to expect the Patwari on foot to accompany us further. The Collector failed

to make that decent inference, and invited the Patwari not only to step out on foot but to step out smartly. With the sigh of a marytr the Patwari started, but at what a pace! Certainly it was hot, but mutes at funerals go quicker than the Patwari went. went so slowly and tailed off so much, that twice, at least, the cavalcade had to stop altogether and wait for him lest he should turn off into some piece of jungle and disappear. After the third stop the Collector gave him the post of honor in the van, where-such was his tottering gait, such his need to stop at every uninviting pool to lave his head and drink-he moved me to compassion. I am afraid my compassion was not what he wanted. It was the Collector's that he was playing for in vain. For the truth is, that when in the end we came to that good land we were in search of, we found that-contrary to the statements in the Patwari's books as filled in by himself-it supported quite a large number of ten-And they, alas for the Patwari! were traitors, and explained matters fully to the Collector. It seemed that this land, which Government supposed itself to be letting at something like half a rupee per biga, was actually being let to them at three rupees; and this rent they were paying, not to Government at all, but to Kari Babu. That desperate old villain, the Patwari, was in the meanwhile drawing a double salary,-one for looking after the estate for Government, the other for allowing the zemindar to let to these peasants-as though it were his own property, and at six times the proper price-the best land on the Gov-I believe that later ernment estate. the Patwari brought up the plea that this ingenious arrangement was of recent date, and had not brought in much to him; but on the other hand the Collector found out that, before the zemindar had come in as patron, the

Patwari had rented this rich land to his own brother for grazing purposes at a nominal cost, on condition that the brother kept the Patwari's buffaloes upon it.

The main facts were cleared up in a very few minutes, after which the Collector summoned the tenants about him in a circle, and, with the Patwari at his right hand, explained shortly and hotly the rights of the case, and the incredible wrongs wrought by the Patwari and the Babu. Even during this painful harangue, while his Izzet-or reputation-in that region was being made of no account, the Patwari, with a fortitude worthy of a better man, retained his semblance of deafness, and bent forward with a humbly approving smile, as though the Collector were speaking his own thoughts, only with a greater elo-But something-probably the quence. thought that if the Collector became too violent he would really impress these peasants with the belief that they need no longer, after his Honor's departure, go on paying himself or the Babu the Government rent, as they had done before-did at one point shake him. Just for a moment he lost his deafness and burst into respectful protest against the Collector's last sen-I fancy the epithets used by tence. the Collector to describe his conduct were considered needlessly unkind. It was the Collector's chance, and he took The words spoken by the Patwari did not reach his ears, and in the peroration with which he wound up his account of the Patwari's stewardship no word that could be construed into appreciation, or even tender-heartedness, was heard. I think the Patwari would gladly have sold what remained of his Izzet for an anna. too, he would willingly have had his pony there to bear him home from a scene which had undeniably shaken him.

Justice was done, and there was still half an hour before dusk would fall. And the peacock jungle was very close. I pointed this out to the Collector, and since there was no chance of catching the Babu that day and explaining to him also that ingenuity does not excuse crime, we decided to have a try for the peafowl. A very few minutes later we were swaying along, guns in hand, on the pad of our elephant. I remember that crossed into the jungle by a slimy river, which reminded me of nothing so much as the Regent's Park Canal where it runs oozily, hard by the Zooa river, moreover, which very nearly avenged the Patwari by swallowing us up. The mahout could not find a ford, and urged the elephant down into a gray odorous water that instantly began to close over him. We could hear the mud gulp under his feet, and had to draw our legs up out of the filthy stuff that lapped about his shoulders. For a second or two he could not make up his mind whether to sink or stir; then the great muscles in his forelegs swelled out at the water, and somehow or other he heaved us through the slime. A short plunge up the opposite bank and we had entered the jungle. It was very still, but unlike the mangogrove in this, that in spite of the great heat of the day it was already cool in the sunset, perhaps because it was so heavily wooded. Ordinarily, I believe, peafowl ought to be looked for in a grass jungle, which also gives the best chances of shooting them. They are intensely wary birds-poor starters if you are anywhere near them when they begin to start, but sufficiently aware of this failing of theirs to start as a rule in very good time. It looked as if the wooded jungle we were in were far from being an ideal place for pursuing these birds, but, sport or not, it was worth seeing for its. own sake. There was a wonderful ca-

thedral light through it. We saw a green pigeon-sitting solitary in a great redblossoming cotton-tree-which had all the colors of a bird in a stained-glass A little later, again, there window. stood out ahead of us another big tree whose boughs were yet bare from the winter, but packed with egrets so that it seemed to have burst into white blossoms in the dim light. As we went on, the jungle opened out into glades that held tangles of dog-rose and wild plum, and grassy hollows, and little shallow meres where water-birds were beginning to sleep.

And the Collector began to say that it was no good going further. Already Blackwood's Magazine.

it was far too late for the peafowl. We shouldn't be able to see them soon if we heard any, and we hadn't heard any yet; after which, silently condemning the Patwari, we turned the ele-As we turned there came from the copse we had been about to enter a mocking and hideous sound-just the sort of sound the Patwari, if he had lived in that jungle, a wizard and diviner of thoughts, would have given vent to at just that moment. mense sustained bray, followed by a flapping noise that grew fainter and fainter as the flapper receded into the jungle. It was the peacock.

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### STEVENSON'S LETTERS\*

It is now twelve years since the publication of Stevenson's "Letters to his Family and Friends." Editions of both these and of the "Vailima Letters" have kept multiplying since. As a natural and desirable consequence, therefore, these four handy and alluring little volumes are now published, containing the whole of Stevenson's correspondence, except merely what is of too slight or personal a nature for inclusion. And all has been lucidly rearranged in a chronological series. These volumes form, says Sir Sidney Colvin in his introduction, "a definite edition-constitute in effect a nearly complete autobiography." Of new letters-besides four delightfully graphic contributions from Mrs. Stevenson, including a glowing description of a Feast of Friendship in Tahiti-there are a hundred and fifty. A good many of these were written in Stevenson's earlier days; but no after-year of his life, up to the last in Vailima, is left unrepresented by something hith-

\*"The Letters of Bobert Louis Stevenson."
Edited by Sidney Colvin. Four volumes.
(Methuen. 5s. net each.)

erto unpublished. This new matter in itself, indeed, forms a collection of unusual vivacity and richness, and gives a fairly complete presentation of a vivid and protean personality. A mind like Stevenson's had no need to be niggardly. He did not "save up" for his He could sit down at evening and empty his cruse into any letter that was going, and morning would find it overflowingly renewed again. None the less, his friends were sometimes tempted to think him an indifferent and dilatory correspondent. who in the world so much addicted to haste, indifference, formality, and commonplace would not hunger rather incontinently for news that was always transfigured by the imagination and zest of the writer, and for confidences never failing in sincerity and warmth! Apart from this, these closely packed hundreds of pages are Stevenson's overwhelming vindication against any When his health and such charge. the extent of his literary industry, and his unflagging punctilio over it, are taken into account, his familiar letters

—in bulk and range and variety—stand out as the most remarkable accomplishment of a life that, amid acute difficulties, accomplished so much.

It takes two people to make any kind of letter worth keeping, or at any rate worth sharing-two temperaments, two points of view, two mutually attracting and conflicting affections. It is the Ave and the Vale of a letter that make its complex harmony. Sender and recipient are its North and South. Round and round the needle may spin and double, glancing into every region of the complete circle of human interests, but its ultimate point of rest is set dead between I and Thou. Charged fullest with immortal spirit are the letters in which the wits and hearts and experiences of two minds, rich andwarm and various and keen, are as inextricably interfused as the lights in a fabric shot with two delightful colors, answering each to each as nightingale to the lutanist in "Music's Duel." Letters of close friendship are likelier to yield the finest harvest-for love-letters, pure and simple, when the first rapture of Darien is over, have an almost inevitable tendency to stray out of the thronging world into a paradise of delights whose atmosphere is a little too rare for ordinary lungs. all these pages there is not one loveletter. A not particularly engaging curiosity may deplore the omission. Good sense and good feeling can do nothing but rejoice at it. Letters, on the other hand, written with even the faintest conscious thought of eventual publication, lose a charm and appeal more essential than anything they gain in range or literary merit. The writer puts on conventionality. He sits in his singing robes, he realizes the virtue of restraint, and is apt to become that amorphous composite creature, the popular author, who to some extent must be all things to all the libraries. Stevenson was far too much himself to LIVING AGE, VOL. LII. 2712

write impersonally for long, but in his correspondence from Samoa with Sir Sidney Colvin, the phantom of the general reader at times slipped into his mind; he becomes a little formal even in informality, and dots his i's even when he does not seem to be more than naturally anxious over his p's and q's. But by far the most part of the letters in this collection are the best kind of all-free and impulsive outpourings of thought and feeling at the service of friendship, and in many cases of almost life-long friendship. It is personality that makes friends-not necessarily a very profound or great or fine. but invariably a magnetic, personality; it is character that has some share in keeping them. Intensely individual. Stevenson had yet a chameleonic temperament. He had the gift of being the friend he was writing to. As a child's face tinily mimics the features it is watching with absorbed interest, so his insight served him. He kept, too, throughout his life an undiminishing zest for all its chances and changes. was in heart and mind most youthful when experience had brought him knowledge for bosom friend to intuition; and not least was consummate master of his pen.

Never, through all weariness and disillusionment, to weary of oneself is the secret of never really wearying others. For, after all, oneself, in any tolerable meaning of the term, can never be pure intellect, nor a vessel of undiluted vanity, whey, and common-It was Stevenson's boast that he had never been bored in his life. He made up his mind not to be. When heart and mood began to flag he set eyes and wits to work. If Pegasus faltered, he had to answer to the spur anything rather than that the steed should forget that it was winged, "I begin to grow . . . a little sharp, I fear," he writes somewhere, "and a little close and unfriendly. . . There

are not sadder people in the world than I." But the mood from which a confession so dismal as that springs need not be anything else than the pause of a pendulum that is already on the turn towards Eureka.

Egotist Stevenson undoubtedly was. But his was an egotism of a singular fascination. It could be as naif as a Song of Innocence:—

Come live and be merry and join with me

To sing the sweet chorus of ha, ha, he! It could be almost as turbid and tortured and introspective as Sir Willoughby's. In these new letters are occasional passages-moralistic, confessional-wherein we see the writer standing obviously a little dazzled in his own limelight. "I was weary at my resemblances to Shelley," comes His elabwith something of a shock. orate account of an apology (that took days to ripen) for a rudeness to a servant:-"Let us hope I shall never be such a cad any more as to be ashamed of being a gentleman"; or again, "My position is pretty. Yes, I am an aris-I have the old petty personal view of honor. I should blush till I die if I do this; yet it is on the cards that I may do it"-such confessions, confessing rather more than was intended, sprang unconsciously from a mind intensely interested in itself, ruthlessly and restlessly busy with its Being rare, they add own workings. only one more facet to a temperament reflecting every color of the rainbow. At its most naif this lively self-interest is one of the secrets of Stevenson's wonderful charm-his apparently chastened but really bubbling delight in such a piece of portraiture, for instance, as a friend's "Mais, c'est que vous êtes tout simplement enfant," and in the trophy triumphantly extorted from a sagacious verger in Chester Cathedral, "There's a good deal in that head."

Stevenson was heart and soul a "lantern-bearer." He was, that is, that most forgivable of all egotists, the dramatic. He walked through life, and thought through life, companioned by a second self which he never wearied of watching in all its manifestations, which could be any kind of romantic figure that human nature has evolved-pirate and muffin-man, chieftain and exile, pilgrim, poet, and bohemian. Even his published prayers suggest that their writer had sat in fancy elbow to elbow with the translators of the Bible. "Give us to awake with smiles, give us to labor smiling; as the sun lightens the world, so let our loving-kindness make bright the house of our habitation." Whether life changes any man fundamentally is just a question. We talk about growing up, but the oak is only the sapling come to maturity, and childhood is a haven of refuge at the end, as it was a porch out into wonder at the beginning. Changeable as the moon, mind and body pass through their destined phases. And "old lamps for new" is for mortality an impossible, even if it be a desirable, exchange. In Stevenson's case, at any rate, life's waves passed over a head most resolutely "unbowed." He never followed the ruck. he never kow-towed to circumstance; he looked it in the face and set long dextrous fingers to work coloring and caricaturing.

Immersed in the vivid moment, he was everything by starts and nothing long. Yet at forty-four he could hark back to nine with an ease that implied the closest continuity. "As I go on in life, day by day, I become more of a bewildered child; I cannot get used to this world, to procreation, to heredity, to sight, to hearing: the commonest things are a burden." That is one side. "A Child's Garden of Verses" (which once, it is still dismaying to hear, was in actual danger of be-

ing entitled "The Innocent Muse") is the other. At twenty-one, on the other hand, he confesses to an overwhelming sense of age with as obvious and conscious an illusion as a boy masquerading in a false beard. Such a man never grows old, if indeed he ever really grows up. A passion to makebelieve affords the spirit-and through the spirit the body-a long series of Stevenson invariably fresh starts. dressed for his part, and certainly had the run of a most enviable wardrobe. But whether it was Hamlet or Mercutio or Malvolio that was the evening's programme, his full plain name is writ large upon the bill. sends home a series of fresh glancing letters to a class of children, all about the flora and fauna and the people he loved (a medley of both) of Samoa, and one sees the rows of rapt faces turned up in his fancy, as he writes, to that long lean one shrewdly smiling over an imaginary desk. However diverse his disguises, one individuality informed them all.

He followed truth with a high heart, and at times with a high hand. When he played the "diabolically" candid friend, it is hard to say which of the two he was more-candid or friendly. Very rarely is he ill at ease in his enthusiastic frankness, though to his "dear lad," Henley, we seem to detect now and then an air of protesting too much. His courage was as conscious as his candor, yet neither was the less genuine and daring for that. erty he wore its livery with an air. "God knows I am glad enough of five pounds!"-he could as easily have said that in times of dearth as he said it in times of plenty. And when comparative affluence came and flattering fame, he listened to their jingle and warmed both hands at the blaze with a frank satisfaction, and without the least de-If, indeed, in a fect of good sense. moment of overplus he could honestly

exclaim, "Fame is nothing to a yachtthe thing at large is a bore and a fraud," it is possible, we may suppose, to weary even of an oasis in the Sahara. And the most vital privilege of possessing anything is the pleasure of good-humoredly decrying it. his ups and downs of success and failure, of exuberance and sterility Stevenson trailed a sanguine banner behind him, not the less a gallant thing for the admiring or depreciatory glances occasionally cast over his shoulder at it by its bearer. And never was that banner so stubbornly brandished aloft as in his early misunderstandings with his father, never so willingly furled as when in age and sickness that father resigned the office of counsellor to a son who had triumphed without boasting.

Apart from personality, there is matter of every kind of interest in these new letters-letters descriptive, analytical, narrative, philosophical; chance criticisms of his own and of other men's art and work; such a bombshell as a spirited defence by a prosperous human being of a drastic income-tax; and countless impulsive scraps of autobiography like the passage which describes himself and Maggie and his two cousins lying on their backs so close together on a shawl, their faces skywards, with midges in the air below indistinguishable from circling birds in the blue above, and limbs so complexedly intervolved that when a hand was held aloft argument was necessary to determine to which of the four gay bodies it belonged. In many of these letters, as elsewhere in Stevenson's work, the literary craftsman, whose unfailing despair and felicity through life was to make his sentences "whole and comely," the juggler with words who could yet liken these plastic and almost sentient things to brickbats, is rather too much in evidence. son was always itching for his tools.

Many a fragment of epistolary elegance and exactitude, such as "Only the most infinitesimal and indeterminate of oscillations moved us hither and thither" reveals the fledgling. Even his slang has a look of the forced hybrid now and again, and his sincerity is tinged at times with an ingenuity like that of fine penmanship. He won through all that. And at his best he is among the few letter-writers of yesterday who should surely survive the extinction of the interests of his time.

His restlessness, his rather highpitched key, and even, as we are sometimes tempted to think, his incomplete surrender of his inmost self, may, as time goes by, whittle away in some measure the fascination which he exercised so effortlessly and without any sacrifice of good faith over his contemporaries. He never quite won to the quietude of mind, the tolerant restfulness that in letters, as in books and men, make so deep and abiding an appeal. He generally told a little more than the truth to ensure the balance tilting to the right side. He was often (most winning of maladies) morbidly happy. All his life was a bitter fight against not only death but dying; and through all his most intimate letters sound challenge, defiance, and bravado. He earned the privilege to preach. "I fear I was born a parson." And his text is ever a reveille that defies the darkness so close about him, and ignores for the most part the twilight in which it is the fate of so many men to spend their spiritual lives. "I am trying to be faithful to my creed and hope, . . . to give a good example before men, and show them how goodness and fortitude and faith re-

main undiminished after they have been stripped bare of all that is formal and outside." These are brave words from a boy of twenty-three, but they are curiously prophetic of what was to come. "We are not meant to be good in this world, but to try to be, and fail, and keep on trying; and when we get a cake, to say, 'Thank God!' and when we get a buffet, to say, 'Just so: well hit!" " Few men have had to cry "Well hit!" so reiteratedly as Steven-And there is no dulness or smugness in an optimism that is simply a watchdog set to keep the wolf from a door ever ajar. It is, none the less, possible, after reading many such passages, to get the bearings of Henley's tart "Fastidious Brisk." especially when it is set off against Mrs. Stevenson's impulsive "canarybird." Even under the darkest cloud Stevenson could still pretend to be the nimble, idiosyncratic, spontaneous companion he was to himself in brighter hours; still shrilled on behind such slender bars. His spirit flatly refused to weary with his body of walking life's magic island—that might at any moment prove so easily but a transitory illusion of Prospero's wand. First and last he was the solitary, furcapped Crusoe of his dreams. And so it comes about that he seems too often to be the child at fantastic play, too seldom the child lost to self in self, contemplative. Nor need saying this imply the least disloyalty to a figure so frank, generous, and true. "The vanished Tusitala" are the last words of the last letter in these volumes. Few have been the tellers of tales whose lives as revealed in a searching lifelong correspondence have proved their most spirited and romantic achievement.

The Times.

#### LIFE IN LONDON: THE CLUB.

It was founded for an ideal. Its scope is national, and its objects to regenerate the race, to remedy injustice, and to proclaim the brotherhood of mankind. It is for the poor against the plutocrat, and for the slave against the tyrant, and for democracy against feudalism. It is, in a word, of the kingdom of heaven. It was born amid immense collisions, and in the holy war it is the official headquarters of those who are on the side of the angels. In its gigantic shadow the weak and the oppressed sell newspapers and touch their hats to the warriors as they pass in and pass out.

The place is as superb as its ideal. No half measures were taken when it was conceived and constructed. Its situation is among the most expensive and beautiful in the world of cities. Its architecture is grandiose, its square columned hall and its vast staircase (hewn from Carrara) are two of the sights of London. It is like a town, but a town of Paradise. When the warrior enters its portals he is confronted by instruments and documents which inform him with silent precision of the time, the temperature, the barometric pressure, the catalogue of nocturnal amusements, and the color of the Government that happens to be The last word spoken in in power. Parliament, the last quotation on the Stock Exchange, the last wager at Newmarket, the last run scored at cricket, the result of the last race, the last scandal, the last disaster-all these things are specially printed for him hour by hour, and pinned up unavoidably before his eyes. If he wants to bet, he has only to put his name on a card entitled "Derby Sweepstake." Valets take his hat and stick; others (working seventy hours a week) shave him; others polish his boots.

The staircase being not for use, but merely to immortalize the memory of the architect, he is wafted upwards in a lift into a Titanic apartment studded with a thousand easy chairs, and furnished with newspapers, cigars, cigarettes, implements of play, and all the possibilities of light refection. lapses into a chair, and lo! a bell is under his hand. Ting! And a uniformed and initialled being stands at attention in front of him, not speaking till he speaks, and receiving his command with the formalities of defer-He wishes to write a letter-a ence. table is at his side, with all imaginable stationery; a machine offers him a stamp, another licks the stamp, and an Imperial letter-box is within reach of his arm-it is not considered sufficient that there should be a post-office, with young girls who have passed examinations, in the building itself. He then chats, while sipping and smoking, or nibbling a cake, with other reclining warriors; and the hum of their chatter rises steadily from the groups of chairs, inspiring the uniformed and initialled beings who must not speak till spoken to, with hopes of triumphant democracy and the millennium. when they are not discussing more pacific and less heavenly matters, the warriors really do discuss the war, and how they fought yesterday, how they will fight to-morrow. one moment the warrior is talking about "a perfectly pure chianti that I brought from Italy in a cask," at the next he is planning to close publichouses on election days.

When he has had enough of such amiable gossip he quits the easy chair, in order to occupy another one in another room where he is surrounded by all the periodical literature of the entire world, and by the hushed murmur of intellectual conversation and the discreet stirring of spoons in tea-cups. Here he acquaints himself with the progress of the war and the fluctuations of his investments and the price of slaves. And when even the solemnity of this chamber begins to offend his earnestness, he glides into the speechless glamor of an enormous library, where the tidings of the day are repeated a third time, and, amid the companionship of a hundred thousand volumes and all the complex apparatus of research, he slumbers, utterly alone.

Late at night, when he has eaten and drunk, and played cards and billiards and dominoes and draughts and chess, he finds himself once more in the smoking-room-somehow more intimate now-with a few cronies, including one or two who out in the world are disguised as the enemy. The atmosphere of the place has put him and them into a sort of exquisite Their physical desires are ascoma. suaged, and they know by proof that they are in control of the most perfectly organized mechanism of comfort that was ever devised. Nought is forgotten, from the famous wines cooling a long age in the sub-basement, to the inanimate chauffeur in the dark, windy street, waiting and waiting till a curt whistle shall start him into assiduous life. They know that never an Oriental despot was better served than they. Here alone, and in the mansions of the enemy, has the true tradition of service been conserved. In comparison, the most select hotels and restaurants are a hurly-burly of The bell is under crude socialism. the hand, and the labelled menial stands with everlasting patience near; and home and women are far away. And the world is not.

Forgetting the platitudes of the war, they talk of things as they are. All the goodness of them comes to the

surface, and all the weakness. They state their real ambitions and their real preferences. They narrate without reserve their secret grievances and disappointments. They are naked and unashamed. They demand sympathy, and they render it, in generous quan-And while thus dissipating tities. their energy, they honestly imagine that they are renewing it. The sense of reality gradually goes, and illusion reigns-the illusion that, after all, God is geometrically just, and that strength will be vouchsafed to them according to their need, and that they will receive the reward of perfect virtue.

And their illusive satisfaction is chastened and beautified by the consciousness that the sublime institution of the club is scarcely what it was, is, in fact, decadent; and that if it were not vitalized by a splendid ideal, even their club might wilt under the sirocco of modernity. And then the echoing voice of an attendant warns them, with deep respect, that the clock But they will not listen, canmoves. not listen. And the voice of the attendant echoes again, and half the lights shockingly expire. But still they do not listen; they cannot credit. And then, suddenly, they are in utter darkness, and by the glimmer of a match are stumbling against easychairs and tables, real easy-chairs and real tables. The spell of illusion is broken. And in a moment they are thrust out, by the wisdom of their own orders, into Pall Mall, into actuality. into the world of two sexes once more.

And yet the sublime institution of the club is not a bit anæmic. Within a stone's-throw is the monumental proof that the institution has been rejuvenated and ensanguined and empowered. Colossal, victorious, expensive, counting its adherents in thousands upon thousands, this monument scorns even the pretence of any ancient ideal, and adopts no new one. The aim of the

club used ostensibly to be peace, ideal-The new aim ism, a retreat, a refuge. is pandemonium, and it is achieved. The new aim is to let in the world, and it is achieved. The new aim is muscular, and it is achieved. Arms, natation, racquets-anything to subdue the soul and stifle thought! And in the reading-room, dummy books dummy book-cases! And a diningroom full of bright women; and such a mad competition for meals that glasses and carafes will scarce go round, and strangers must sit together at the same table without protest! And, to crown the hullaballoo, an orchestra of red-coated Tziganes swaying and yearning and ogling in order to soothe your digestion and to prevent you from meditating.

This club marks the point to which The Nation.

the evolution of the sublime institution has attained. It has come from the shore of Lake Michigan; it is the club of the future, and the forerunner of its kind. Stand on its pavement, and entering heterogeneous watch its crowds, and then throw the glance no more than the length of a cricket-pitch, and watch the brilliantly surviving representatives of feudalism itself ascending and descending the steps of the most exclusive club in England; and you will comprehend that even when the House of Lords goes, something will go-something unconsciously cocksure, and perfectly creased, and urbane, and dazzlingly stupid-that was valuable and beautiful. And you will comprehend politics better, and the profound truth that it takes all sorts to make a world.

Arnold Bennett.

### CALENDAR REFORM.

Mr. Pearce's Rill to reform the Calendar will, we hope, prove as effective as Mr. Willett's Daylight Saving Bill in providing food for agreeable discussion Not that we are disand conjecture. posed to admit the necessity for reforming the Calendar. It does perhaps look a little absurd "on paper," as they say-even a little far-fetchedbut in practice it has always seemed to us to work fairly well, so long as one clings to its great guiding principlethat thirty days hath September. is probable that the late Julius Casar devoted not a little thought to his ingenious arrangement. Certainly, apart from slight modifications, it has had a long and uninterrupted run, and if it is at last to be suspended, if the hereditary principle is to be abandoned, so to speak, we are inclined to ask: "Who is Mr. Pearce that he should elect to supplant the Conqueror of Gaul? Why

Mr. Pearce? We also have our plan of Calendar Reform."

His (Mr. Pearce's) plan, it will be remembered, is to eliminate a day—we like that idea; it is full of possibilities—which shall not belong to any week or month, but shall be called simply New Year's Day. Thereafter he divides the year into 52 perfect weeks, every month having 30 days, except the last month of each quarter, which shall have 31. Our first objection to this proposal is taken on artistic grounds.

Thirty-one days hath September, March, June and December,

cannot be made even to scan, and will hardly be accepted with equanimity by those of us who have been brought up on the authorized version, and have become attached to it through long association. But let that pass.

Of course we see Mr. Pearce's diffi-

We culty; that has not escaped us. ourselves have been trying to figure it out, and we also got up against a very awkward fact-namely, that 365 is divisible only by five and 73. Clearly you can't do much with that without getting yourself involved in recurring But we find Mr. Pearce's decimals. solution-of dropping only one dayrather timorous and half-hearted. What we want is to lay the foundations of a thoroughgoing and comprehensive scheme, which shall at least stand the wear and tear of nineteen centuries, as its predecessor has done. And here let us say that the details of the plan are open to amendment in We invite committee. discussion. We are always prepared to receive suggestions from any part of the

We begin boldly, then, by eliminating five days, and at once we have a workable figure to start on. Nothing could be better than 360. This we divide into 12 months of 30 days each. far, so good. The critic has probably observed, however, that we cannot divide it into weeks of seven days. But we have thought of that. We are going to drop a week-day and make By this device we have five weeks in every month. Rather happy, we think. The seven-day week, if you come to examine it, has been a very clumsy instrument. You cannot divide it in half. That in itself is an enormous drawback. Life is full of things that fall due to be done twice a week, and as the matter stands they cannot be done at equal intervals. take only one instance:-there are many of us who make a practice of changing our white waistcoats twice a week, and are guiltily conscious that those which begin their career on Punch.

Thursday morning must drag out a protracted existence till Sunday night. One day has got to go, and our proposal is that a plebiscite be taken as to which it is to be. It is an admirable case for the introduction of the Referendum. For our own part we should be inclined to sacrifice Thursday—a day we have never cared for, somehow. But doubtless the wide-spread and bitter feeling against Monday as the day of return to work will prove strong enough to result in its annihilation.

There still remains the question of the five extra days. No, we have not forgotten them. Here we have several suggestions to offer. Perhaps they could be slipped in with advantage, in late and backward seasons, between the 11th and 12th of August-to give the birds a chance. Or they might be handed over to the M.C.C. for the last test match, or sprinkled through the year as Bank Holidays. No doubt they would prove to be a very powerful instrument in the hands of the Government of the day, if used for Parliamentary purposes. But we think this would be a risky experiment. Chancellor of the Exchequer got hold of them at the close of the financial year they might lead to a prodigious cooking of accounts.

On the whole we are inclined to save up these five days till we have a whole month in hand—to be called a Leap Month. This could be allotted for any important national purpose. It would be invaluable in a year like the present to carry out a complete and protracted celebration of the Coronation, for the whole populace could go on holiday without any actual loss of time.

We are leaving over the consideration of Leap Year till a future occasion.

### FASHIONS IN EMOTION.

The first quarter of the nineteenth century seems a long way off now. People looked and behaved so differently that sometimes one is tempted to believe that they felt differently. The letters of the period reveal an extrachange of sentiment-a ordinary change in the fashion of emotion. These reflections will occur, we think, to anyone who reads Mrs. Earle's "Memoirs and Memories" (Smith, Elder and Co., 10s. 6d.). The public should be very grateful to Mrs. Earle for publishing the family papers which make up the first sixty pages of her volume. They are highly entertaining and afford us an intimate insight into the domestic life of the upper class a hundred years ago; we get a glimpse of relations between parents and children, and husbands and wives, together with some pictures of happy and unhappy love affairs.

Mrs. Earle's maternal grandmother, Lady Ravensworth, had sixteen children, all of whom lived to grow up. It is with the childhood and youth of these young people that the "Memoirs" (as distinct from the "Memories") now before us deal. When they were in London they lived in Portland Placethen a new street-and twice a year they travelled along the Great North Road, through Durham to Ravensworth, "275 miles of turnpike." Lord Ravensworth was accounted a "kind father," but it was said of him that he did not know all his children by sight, and had upon one occasion remarked on the beauty of a baby whom he met in charge of its nurse without realizing that the child was his own. Parental feeling, we suppose, must have been the same since the world began, but it found other expression in those days than in these. Mrs. Earle's mother, who came in the middle of this

large family, left it on record that one of the most vivid recollections of her childhood was that of hunger, and of a tank in the yard in which the children were bathed, unless the ice was unbreakably hard. She says she was thankful to eat "crusts from the floor which had fallen from the baby's hand," and more thankful still when the frost precluded ablution. when she grew up and began to go out, "she wondered what her parents would think of her, they had seen so little of Lady Ravensworth was, however, a careful mother in some particulars, and seems to have been very diligent in scolding her sons and guarding her daughters as soon as they began to attain years of discretion. occasion, we are told, she marshalled her family upon "The Grand Tour," as it was then called, visiting Germany, Italy, and France. Cannot one imagine the family coaches, the courier, the servants, the luggage, with which a rich Englishman travelled in those days? I was told that when at Rome they visited St. Peter's, and went up on to the dome. They found when they reached the top they would have to pass Lord Byron, who was also visiting the roof; their mother pulled down the veils of her beautiful young daughters and placed herself in front of them for fear his gaze should contaminate them." No doubt she knew how romantic and sentimental-to our modern eyes-these "beautiful daughters" One of them was soon plunged in despair by a love affair, and accounted by the doctors to be at death's What is now considered "a proper pride" was evidently unknown at this period. Fathers and mothers were proud of their daughters' sensibility, while suffering at the same time acute agonies of sympathy.

cause of the illness was hidden from "The doctors and her family no one. dread immensely the news that soon came, that the faithless man was going to be married to someone else." faculty seem to have agreed in prescribing leeches as the best remedy for heartache, and the young lady's constitution became more and more debilitated. Her mother flew to the conclusion that she would never recover her peace of mind, or, at any rate, must expect nothing but "a quiescent negative happiness." She writes sadly to her son of his sister's dark prospects. "She must as a single woman (I speak as I feel that all chance of her ever marrying is annihilated) always be necessitous, and therefore always more or less dependent on her relations, which is always a bitterly painful thing."

The poor woman is really very sad about her daughter. "I must ever consider the destruction of her prospects in that way a great misfortune, as far as this world goes and no further." Not, she assures her son, that she has been ambitious for his sister. has even opposed one desirable suitor on the ground that he would take her daughter into too frivolous a society, "where adulation, such as her beauty and unusual cleverness would probably extract from people of superior abilities, would perhaps be too great a trial. I not only thought this, but said it to her and to one or two others, and she then, without any improper appreciation of herself, fully entered into my ideas, and said she should be afraid for herself." It is satisfactory to learn that the heroine of this little drama soon recovered from the treatment of the doctors, married very happily, and took no permanent harm in mind or body either from the leeches or the adulation.

The story of another daughter who married the man of her choice, quarrelled with him and made it up again,

is another illustration of change in emotional values. In 1818 Maria Liddell married Lord Normanby, "a man of warm but not constant affections," and was "quite miserable." threatened to leave him, but was persuaded by what she calls "my younger, but much nicer, sister" to accompany him to Jamaica. A few miles of sea were no sooner between her and the object of her jealousy than she recovered her spirits. First she describes herself as "not unhappy, only thoughtful," and soon begins to enjoy herself. "Our society (on board) is very pleasant," she says, "the captain adorable, the lieutenants endurable, and some of the middles very pettable." No one seems to have heard more of the quarrel from the persons concerned, but the matter took a very serious place in the family annals, and "became a kind of object lesson which influenced all our lives," and was continually retold to prove that husband and wife should never separate. The emotional storms which swept the family gave way to fine weather in no time at all, and left nothing but a moral behind. bad behavior of the son-in-law seems to have disturbed the family far less than that of the lover.

But to go back to the parental relationships here described to us. Earle quotes a long letter from her grandmother to her uncle, when the latter was fifteen, in order to show her readers "how a mother scolded her schoolboy son in those days." tainly most women of to-day would consider that in giving the boy such a "talking to" on paper they ran a serious risk of hurting his feelings beyond their power to heal. The offence which called forth the lecture is one of omission. He had not thanked his brother for the gift of a pair of slippers. "You never wrote a line to George or desired any of us to tell him that you were pleased with them or

that you would write, nor from that time to this have you said, or caused to be said, one syllable to George in acknowledgment, though it was the 30th of September when you got them, this is the 8th of November." She is very much "provoked" to find him thus at fault, and, though she fears her good advice has "little effect," she is determined to persevere with scolding him that she may "ultimately arrive at correcting what I think defective, and apparently, to say the least, unamiable, in you." She thinks him, she says, very remiss in all demonstrations of affection-especially to herself and his father. Why does he show them such indifference? "After all I had said to you and written to you on this subject when you first went to The Grove in the summer I was naturally much hurt and disappointed at finding when I returned in September that every appearance of it was much more increased than diminished." The failure of her tactics does not, however, lead her to change them, and, at the end of her letter, she declares herself "determined never to omit an opportunity of placing before you in its true light whatever I think reprehensible in your conduct." Yet for this stern mother many of her sixteen children felt a strong affection,

and one son never omitted to write to her every day till her death.

It is all very puzzling to the presentday reader-a kind father who does not know his child in the street, a devoted mother who lets her little girl go hungry and grow up almost a stranger to her, who does not protect her from the cold tank in the yard, yet will not expose her features to the eyes of Lord Byron, and is plunged into frenzied anxiety because she must endure the pangs of unrequited love, pangs, in her case, so little serious as to be susceptible of almost immediate In those days parents seem to have cared little for their children, as children, and to have taken no pains whatever to secure their affectionsthough they value a show of affection from the child's side, and inculcated its demonstration as a duty. the children began to grow up they made friends with them, and former severities were forgotten. Mrs. Earle assures us that a very strong family affection existed in later years between all these children and their parents, and apparently it was not to no purpose that their mother rated them into expressing what ought to have been their filial and fraternal feelings.

### The Spectator.

### THE LAST DAYS OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

A certain wealthy Peer purchased a short time ago at a public auction a ring. He gave for this ring—the intrinsic value of which is not more than twenty guineas—a sum of over £3,000. This fabulous price was paid upon the hypothesis that the ring in question caused the death of Queen Elizabeth. A legend exists, by no means founded on any reliable historical fact, that upon her deathbed the Countess of Nottingham, wife of the Lord High Ad-

miral, and a favorite Lady-in-Waiting to the Virgin Queen, confessed to Her Majesty that the Earl of Essex had sent this ring, through the Countess, to the Queen, but from private motives, either policy or revenge, the Countess never delivered it. The legend goes on to say that the enraged Sovereign shook the dying woman in her bed, saying "God may forgive you, but I never can," and died herself some ten days later. There is not the slightest

authentic proof that this interview ever One really reliable histook place. torical record exists, which embraces the actual history of most European kingdoms, extending from the latter half of the fifteenth century to the year 1798. These are the reports sent almost daily by the Venetian ambassadors accredited to the Courts of England, France, Spain, Austria, and many These reports were intended to more. enlighten the Doge and his Council upon the actual "bona fide" state of affairs in the various countries from which the ambassadors wrote. documents were written in cipher and in the Venetian dialect. The ciphers of the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries are simple, and not difficult to discover. The Venetian dialect more resembles ordinary Italian than any other of the numerous dialects in Italia Unita.

We have, owing to the pains and labor of a Mr. Rawdon Brown, an English littérateur, who lived in Venice from 1832 to 1883, a translation embracing a considerable number of volumes, called the Venetian Calendars. After his death a gentleman named Horatio Brown-no relation to Rawdon Brown-undertook to continue the work, but he abandoned it after a few years, and the translations extend no later than 1607. Papers do exist in the Frari buildings at Venice carrying this matter on till the French invasion of 1798 and the fall of the Republic, but, alas! they may remain undeciphered for another century. the Venetian diplomatic relations with England were, owing to fear of Spain, broken off about 1560 and only renewed in 1603. Giovanni Corlo Scaronelli, the Venetian Envoy, describes in his despatch dated February 19, 1603, his reception, together with his suite, by Queen Elizabeth at Greenwich on that day. She was richly dressed-he gives a lengthy description of her jewels and adornments, together with the dress she wore. He says that though in her seventy-first year she was extraordinarily lively, gay, and even youthful in her appearance and manner. In a previous despatch, written soon after his arrival in England, he mentions the fact that Arabella Stuart, the rightful heir to the throne, is a handsome young woman of twenty-eight, secretly betrothed to the Earl of Hertford, and that this lady is the object of the Queen's furious jealousy and hatred: and she, the Queen, determining that her successor shall be a man and not a woman, prefers the King of Scots, although he is twice barred from the throne, first because he was not born in the Kingdom, and secondly, because his mother was executed as a traitor.

The following extracts from Scaronelli's despatches will probably give a more accurate description of the last days of Queen Elizabeth than can be found elsewhere:—

#### March 20, 1603.

The cause of the delay in the meeting of the Commissioners is the death of the Lord High Admiral, the Earl of Nottingham's wife. Apart from her husband's exalted rank, she herself was a lady of high consideration and one of the Queen's principal ladies. Her rank is so lofty that they say her funeral will cost forty thousand crowns.

The Carnival which continued till the day before yesterday has not been observed with the usual dances and comedies. The Queen has for many days never left her chamber. The reason given is her sorrow for the death of the Countess, but the true cause is the business of Lady Arabella.

The Earl of Hertford, to whom the Queen has now discovered Arabella to be secretly betrothed, has disappeared and is nowhere to be found. The lady has in consequence been suddenly removed from the custody of the Countess of Shrewsbury and now strictly confined in a castle where Queen Mary of England kept her sister, the present

Queen, a prisoner. This event (i.e. the Arabellian plot) has greatly disturbed the Queen, and she who was wont to live so gaily has withdrawn herself into herself.

March 27, 1603.

I was right when, in my last dispatch, I said that her Majesty's mind was overwhelmed with a grief and anxiety more than she could bear. It reached such a pitch that she passed three days and nights almost without food and without any sleep. Her attention is not only fixed on the affairs of Lady Arabella—who now feigns herself to be half-mad—but also on the pardon she has at last given to the Earl of Tyrone, leader of the Catholic rebels in Ireland.

She fell to considering that the Earl of Essex, who used to be her dear intimate, might have been quite innocent; for when General in Chlef in Ireland he had a meeting with Tyrone, each on horseback, and an agreement then concluded was more advantageous to the Kingdom than the present one. But on Essex coming in person without leave to explain his action, the Council persuaded the Queen to put him in the Tower, whence arose events which led to his decapitation on February 25, first day of Lent 1601.

So deeply is her Majesty now affected that on the first day of Lent this year, March 19, she recalled the anniversary, wept and lamented as for some deadly sin she had committed, and fell ill.

Her original illness was inflammation and a swelling at the throat, con-The Outlook. tracted by sitting late at Council, when deeply moved. On retiring she felt the beginnings of the mischief, causing entire loss of appetite and depriving her of sleep.

April 1.—Her Majesty's life is absolutely despaired of; for six days she has been quite silly, indeed almost idiotic.

April 7.-The Queen towards the close of her life, after some hours' sleep, returned to the full possession of her senses. On the evening of April 1 she sent for the Lords of the Council. She exhorted and commanded them to see the Crown came to the King of Scotland. She spoke of certain things which weighed upon her conscience, recalling the death of the Earl of Essex and the persecutions of the Catholics, saying she thought the blood of the priests would not be upon her head as they were traitors.

As the Queen's illness came from nothing but excitement and rage (Italian, Rabbia) and as her habit was sober and clear, some think—forgetting her age, seventy-one—that she was assisted to death.

No sooner was the Queen's death known—it occurred at two in the morning of April 3—than the Council gave orders for the proclamation of the new King, which took place early on the 4th of this month.

To-day, April 7, comes news that the Earl of Hertford is now in the West raising horse and foot with the intention of proclaiming himself and Arabella King and Queen jointly.

# HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

Lichfield, in the county of Stafford. has had its turn of centenary honor, and the tide turns to Litchfield, Connecticut, where Harriet Beecher Stowe was born on June 14, 1811. What would Samuel Johnson have said had he been told that, just a hundred years after the appearance of his magnum opus, an American lady, from the Litch-

field di ponente, was destined to produce a work described by the high authoritative English periodical of the day as "the most marvellous literary phenomenon the world has ever witnessed"? There was a joyousness about the rusticity of her New England training which helped to win her the confidence of Old England in years to

As she grew older she strugcome. gled fearfully in the throes of the formidable New England Calvinism, and went through conflicts some of which find an echo in the most autobiographical of her stories, "A Minis-The traces of this ter's Wooing." struggle commended her to her own countrymen at first far more than her In anti-slavery propaganda. father's, Lyman Beecher's, study Harriet was brought up in an atmosphere of Cotton Mather, Baxter, Bunyan, and Butler's Analogy, but the theological soil was volcanic, Jonathan Edwards flaming on one side while the gaping gulf of Unitarianism yawned on the Both her elder sister and herself were engaged to theological tutors. Hence it was that she came to regard the world mainly as a scene for missionary endeavor; and hence it is that "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and "Dred" must be judged less as artistic performances than as religious pamphlets, manifestos or tracts. Her husband's seminary in Cincinnati came to be regarded as a hotbed of abolitionism; there she studied the working of the "underground railway" in defiance of the Fugitive Slave Laws, there she observed the mobs whom she described inimitably in her chief books, and there she noted with indignant humor the shameless sophistries of the parsons of every hue who defended the vested interests of slave-breeders, buyers and operators.

When, in 1850, her husband was elected to a professorship at Bowdoin, in Brunswick, Maine, and removed his family thither, Mrs. Stowe was prepared for the great work which came to her, bit by bit, as a religious message which she must deliver. She began with the tableau of the death of Uncle Tom, which she wrote in pencil on some brown paper in which groceries had been delivered, and then worked backwards. Legree had been

observed to the life in a Mississippi steamboat, showing his fists as hard as iron from knocking down negroes, and boasting that he "didn't bother with sick niggers, but worked his in with the crop." In the quiet of countrifled Brunswick, far removed from actual contact with painful scenes but on the edge of the whirlwind raised by the Fugitive Slave Bill, memory and imagination had full scope in what gradually became a logical resumé of the economic necessities of African slavelabor. The editor of the National Era. in which it appeared serially, complained that it was too long; yet over 150,000 copies were soon sold in Amer-It had a wild success from the moment of its first issue in England. where over a million copies (at a quarter of the American price) were sold in a twelvemonth. On the other side it appealed pre-eminently to the sectaries of abolition and to those strict people who abhorred idle tales of love. In Europe, despite the Pope's prohibition, it appealed to all races and classes-at least twenty-five different tongues are represented in translations. Tickled by Topsy, the world was profoundly interested in Uncle Tom. It recognized an ardent sincerity in the writer; and it is manifest that there was nothing exaggerated or artificial in her loathing of cruelty, her indignation at oppression, or her scorn of the contemptible sophistries by which abominations were palliated. In England there were additional and more subtle reasons for our warmhearted acceptance of the new revelation. It appealed hardly more to our sympathies than to our antipathies. We were smarting under the intolerable conceit of America-and tired no less of hearing her perpetual boast about her Constitution being the finest in the world than of supporting the contention that she was the freest and most enlightened country ever seen.

Our clergy hated her voluntary system, the Tories hated her democrats, the Whigs hated her parvenus, the Radicals hated her litigiousness, her insolence, her illusive, adolescent ambi-Mrs. Stowe was hailed as a tions. candid rebel in the enemies' camp, an enfant terrible who knew all their weak points and would blab them to the entire world. Democrats, she showed, might still be tyrants; a coronet was not the only passport to a cold heart, nor a mitre to a calculating hypocrisy. The prejudice against slavery was already strong, but Mrs. Stowe first provided the telescope which enabled Europe to watch it closely in operation and realize what it meant. President Lincoln was not far wrong when he described her as the little woman who had made the war. Her two books, "Uncle Tom" and "Dred," will therefore long retain a place in chronology as historical pamphlets. They represented active principles in politics for the time being. But it is not by standing on the same level with political mobs and repeating their transient commonplaces through a trumpet that works of permanent importance are written. The diffuseness, exaggeration, and unction of these once celebrated performances render them tiresome at the present day. apocrypha of "Dred," the lost slave of the dismal swamp, are terrifying to the modern reader. Assisted by slave politics, these two books were the gospel of the fifties, and achieved results beyond the record of Scott, Thackeray, or At Stafford House their author was presented by Lord Shaftesbury with an address of welcome and appreciation from the women of England. "While talking with Lord Palmerston I could but remember how often I had heard my father and Mrs. Stowe exulting over his foreign dispatches by our own fireside." The report of Stafford House made abolitionism

"fashionable" in America. In Scotland Mrs. Stowe was received like a princess. In Switzerland it was "O Madame Besshare, do write another! Remember our wluter nights here are very long."

Mrs. Stowe was an evangelist. She had no capacity for organizing worldly success, and little discretion in concentrating her attention upon matters congenial to her peculiar gifts. later books, "A Minister's Wooing" and "Oldtown Folks," expose her deficiencies as an artist. Her denunciation of Byron was actuated largely by the profound regret that a man of such magnificent powers should have done nothing for Christ. "Oh! what a harp he might have swept!" Mrs. Stowe had always written for dollars to eke out her scanty housekeeping. With the proceeds of "Uncle Tom" she built at Hartford, Connecticut, a perfect white elephant of a house. As a summer dwelling it was delightful, but in winter no amount of fuel would Water-pipes were freezing and bursting all day long, and a provident plumber, to whom the house meant a fortune, arranged a complicated system that kept more than one man in steady work during the entire The professor predicted daily season. that the family would end in the workhouse. One day in a spasm of economy he attempted to mend a broken pane of glass in one of the cellar windows with a sheet of tin, two shingle nails, and a tack hammer. breaking out all the remaining glass in the sash he went to his room in an agony of despair. The incident is characteristic. Every one in the countryside thought that Mrs. Stowe had made a fortune out of her books, and all were piously resolved to relieve her of the dangers and temptations of great wealth as far as lay in their power. Heavy war losses and natural troubles beyond her fair share saddened the

ebbing life of the impressionable little woman. She outlived her fame by many years; and what remains is assuredly not that of a great writer but of a great missionary, who carried a The Times. smoking torch between two continents and at a given moment made it flame brightly with righteous wrath and indignation.

## BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

In "The Professor's Mystery," Wells Hastings and Brian Hooker collaborate in a detective-story whose interest centres in the romantic attachment of a young college professor to a distressed damsel of a New York suburb over whose family hangs a vague cloud which threatens to darken their happiness. Automobilists, reporters, Italian bravoes, alienists and psychics play their part in resolving a mystery which proves agreeably harmless after all. The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

Some hitherto unpublished letters of Napoleon from the Vienna Archives will be a feature of the new and enlarged two-volume edition of Fournier's "Napoleon I." to be issued early in July by Messrs. Henry Holt and Company. The translation of this new edition is by Miss A. E. Adams. The original appeared in Germany-three The same American publishers issue a translation by E. G. Bourne of the original one-volume edition which at once took its place in the front rank of Napoleon studies and is still widely regarded on the Continent as the best of the shorter Lives of Napoleon.

For a long time after the appearance of the first of Owen Johnson's Lawrenceville stories, graduates of that school insisted on laying before the author their claims to be the originals of his schoolboy heroes. Mr. Johnson at first sought refuge in the traditional disclaimer of having had any definite

models in mind. Later the pressure must have become irresistible, for a photograph taken at a recent school reunion shows Owen Johnson in the company of the prodigious Hickey, Turkey, Reiter, Dennis de Brian de Boru Finnigan, and the Old Roman. A tribute to Owen Johnson in a recent number of the Lawrenceville Literary Magazine is from the pen of "Snorky."

A perfectly impossible adventure plot, a double romance, and the contrasted charms of fashionable life and that in a small southern town are put together to make a novel, by John Reed Scott, called "In Her Own Right." The tale concerns itself with the fortunes of a clubman who loses all but a beggarly pittance and a house near Annapolis, where he goes to live. a secret drawer he discovers directions for finding certain pirate treasure and makes thorough attempts to locate it on a nearby point. He meets with absorbing and troublesome adventures, such as the kidnapping of his flancée, and finally after the love affairs are settled, he discovers the treasure in his own cellar. The characters are nothing more than types, and the reader is interested chiefly in the mechanics of On the infrequent occasions the plot. when the action flags, the gaps are filled with would-be Anthony Hope dialogue which rather fails to sparkle. On the whole, however, the work is better done and better knit than the usual "dashing" novel. J. B. Lippincott Company.